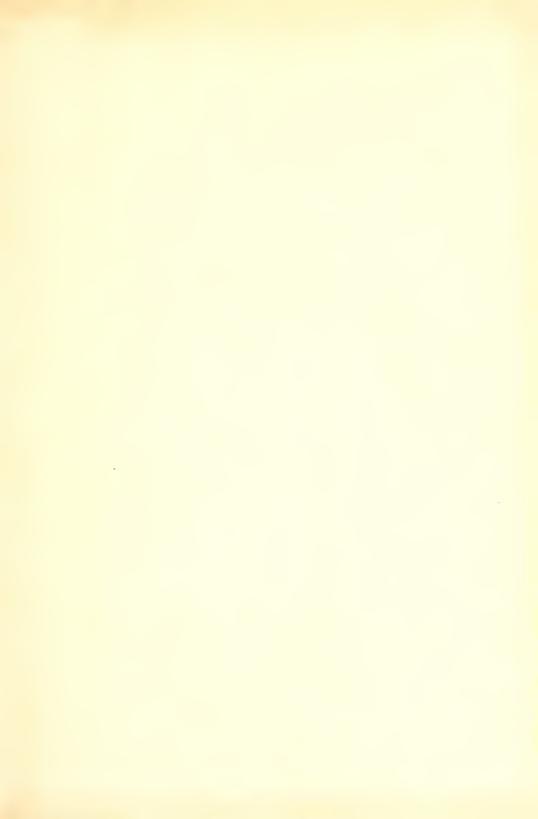




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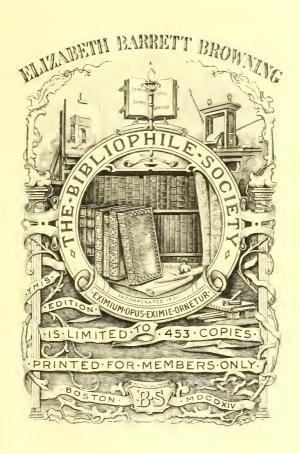






# POETRY AND PROSE FROM THE BARRETT-BROWNING COLLECTIONS HOPE END TO CASA GUIDI

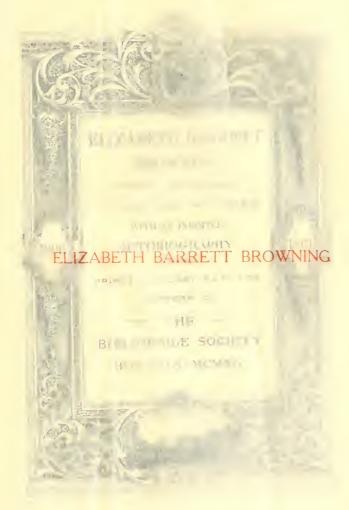




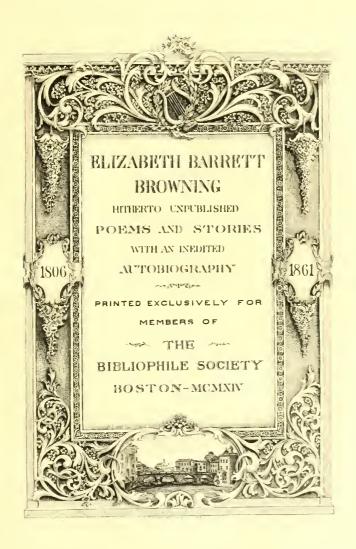








ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING



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#### POETRY AND PROSE FROM THE BARRETT-BROWNING COLLECTIONS HOPE END TO CASA GUIDI

WE left our poetess of fourteen years, bereft of her beloved brother's society, alone for the moment with Queen Caroline, whose parting from her daughter in the year 1817 she celebrated in a single dramatic scene when the Oueen's turmoil of 1820 was at its height. The Princess Charlotte, the Queen's married (and only) daughter, had died in accordance with her anticipation depicted in that painful scene; but "Bro," though torn by a less stern necessity from his loving sister's society, was reserved for the tragic separation of 1840. Determined not to slacken in her self-training, one of the first things she took up appears to have been the revision of the "Glimpses." For, while still in her fifteenth year, our young autobiographer bethought her to preserve her record in a more imposing shape than that of the tiny manuscript book which Providence, by the hand of Robert Browning, was

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pleased to pass on to us. A single quarto sheet exists whereon the opening of the "Glimpses" is legibly copied in her running hand of that period, but with a new title and three epigraphs from Shakespeare as follows:

## Sketch of My own life and reflections

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—

Shakespeare [The Tempest, iv, 1]

The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth to skip o'er the meshes of good council the cripple.—

Shakespeare [The Merchant of Venice, i, 2]

The web of our life is a mingled yarn, good and ill together!—

Shakespeare [All 's Well that Ends Well, iv, 3]

The rest of the sheet holds what occupies seven pages and a third in the minute original; there was

but little revision properly so called; but now and then the brain, working faster than the hand, passed to that slavish member a premature word sometimes one that had been cancelled in the original and had to be cancelled again in the fine new copy set about for the benefit of posterity. Whether more than the one sheet was ever done I cannot state with certainty: it contains the last word that its length and breadth would hold; and it seems likely that the task was abandoned when that naughty Moses, the black pony, had to have his girths tightened by the delicate little rider, and she got injured in the spine to such a degree that, to use her words to Horne, "at fifteen" she "nearly died." It is worth while to give here, in opening our second volume, the precise words in which she decided to clothe her quaint preamble, and allow our readers to compare for themselves the minute details of the two versions. But the point in which the quarto sheet is of most value is that it makes quite clear the author's age at the time of revision: she is still "fourteen."

#### SKETCH

To be one's own chronicler is a task generally dictated by extreme vanity and often by that instinctive feeling which prompts the soul of Man to snatch the records of his life from the dull and misty ocean of oblivion— Man is naturally enamoured of immortality, and tho the brazen trump of fame echoes his deeds when he sleeps . . when the cold sod weighs on his corrupted form vet he shrinks from that deathlike . . that awful stillness.. the dreadful attribute of the grave. Nothing can more plainly denote the soul's eternity than the instinctive thirst for immortality which universally throbs in the heart of man. Would that benevolent Being whose kind spirit finds pleasure in the happiness of his Creatures implant in their bosoms such a feeling in vain? Is it consonant with divine mercy to tantalize us afar with the bright and heavenly fields of immortality and then closing at once the glorious prospect, forbid that endearing hope to console, and allow the cold turf to moulder with our dust condemning the soul which once animated [it] to find its last sad asylum in the grave? The sage amidst sandy deserts or buried in the awful stillness of wooded vales may boast that he can forget the world and

despise its greatness, but oh can he as sincerely desire to be forgotten by it? Can he gaze unmoved on the damp and solitary tomb which his own hands have framed and where soon his wearied limbs shall lay? And tho sensible that the world cannot "soothe the dull cold ear of death" yet does not that silence seem awful even to him? Does it not appear dreadful to descend into that damp grave unseen, unheard, unwept for, and forgotten?—

But no feeling of this kind has [influenced] me or prompted me to write my own life. I am of too little consequence perhaps even to gain a transient thought when the cold earth has closed over me save from those dear friends who have loved me in life. My days may pass away as the moonbeam from the ocean or as the little particle of sand which now glimmers in the evening ray and now is borne away in the evening breeze! Perhaps these pages may never meet a human eye and therefore no excessive vanity can dictate the perhaps a feeling akin to it, self-love, may have prompted my not unwilling pen. In writing my own life to be impartial is a difficult task and being so can only excuse such an attempt from one so young and inexperienced!

I was always of a determined and if thwarted violent disposition. My actions and temper were

infinitely more inflexible at three years old than now at fourteen. At that early age I can perfectly remember reigning in the Nursery and being renowned amongst the servants for wilfulness and excessive passion.—When reproved I always considered myself as an injured martyr and bitter have been the tears I have shed over my supposed wrongs.

That is all we have of the projected recension,—indeed it is five words more than all; for the word have is the last the sheet would accommodate.

There is a point of accuracy worth noting as an indication of a conscientious endeavour to do justice to her author when she used quotations for the adornment of her work. In the original booklet she wrote down the words from Gray's "Elegy," in the first instance as "soothe the damp cold ear of death": she detected the misquotation at once and, striking out damp, inserted dull, but so as to read "soothe the cold dull ear of death." Presumably she verified the passage by the original when starting on the new copy; for here she has Gray's words correctly arranged.

The archives include evidences of the assiduity of her ambitious laureateship under the instruction of Mr. McSwiney. Many translations in her youthful hand done from Greek literature are ex-

tant, and may be presumed to represent tasks of that learned gentleman's setting. For instance, there is a very untidy and blotted paper on which a portion of the Elegy of Moschus on Bion is prettily enough rendered in English prose; while another paper, five quarto pages, bears a literal version by her of the opening of Euripides' Medea, starting with the list of Characters—among which we may be sure that Mr. McSwiney would not have been slow to point out to his young pupil that Aggelos is not a proper name and should have been rendered A Messenger. This exercise, also, is in prose. Then there is a pleasant little page from Plato, of somewhat better quality than the two pieces above mentioned, and headed by the student herself "Translation from Plato . . . . Dialogue between Criton and Socrates." It is as follows; but in the MS, the persons of the dialogue are indicated (after the first word) by the abbreviations So and Cri:

Socrates. Why art thou come at this time? Is it not now very early in the morning? Criton. Surely it is—Socrates. What are the evil tidings? Criton. The morning promises good tidings—Socrates. I see with joy that it pleases you that the guard of the prison has admitted you—Criton. It has become a very usual practice now oh Socrates

And if it be opened to any one it should be opened to me! Socrates. Did you come here in former days? Criton. It was the same in former days! Socrates. But why did you not waken me as usual, Why did you sit down in silence? Criton. I had no evil intention by Jove oh Socrates. I wondered that you could sleep surrounded by guards and in such misfortunes. But indeed I beheld you with admiration reposing sweetly—

That Anacreon came in for a share in the attentions of the Hope End scholastic party is evidenced by the existence of a draft and a revised copy of a translation from that poet, the commencement of which was finally left as follows:

"Anacreon," the ladies say,
"Thou growest old—the looking glass
Will tell thee that thy hair is grey,
And that (such strange things come to pass)
Thy pate is bald"— If this be so
Upon my word I do not know;
But THIS I know—let every man,
Advanced in age, "laugh when he can"—
Give Death not ev'n a single chance,
And stare Fate out of countenance.

It may be doubted whether this is the kind of work that was submitted to Mr. McSwiney at ail;

and of some other translations from ancient authors, it is certainly safe to say that the young poet's gaze was fixed on a wider audience. Take for example the following graceful version:

#### CLEODAMUS AND MYRSON

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF BION

#### Cleodamus

Which is the sweetest, thinkest thou, I pray,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, Myrson, say?
Which dost thou sigh most fondly to recall?

Summer's soft sky, the loveliest of all,
That lends her Sun to gild the rustic's toil,—
Or Autumn's generous hand, and genial smile?

Winter, when round the blazing hearth we throng,
Where hearts at ease, and laughing brows belong,—
Or Myrson, turning from that cheerful rest,
Say lovëst thou Spring's soft blue eyes the best?
Which doth thy youthful fancy linger by?

'T is giv'n thee quickly, briefly, to reply.

#### Myrson

Oh! not for us, Cleodamus, to scan
The ways of Heaven, with the eyes of Man—
Enough for our contracted sense to know
That all are great, and wisdom made them so!—
But should I say what seems to me most sweet,

I would not dwell on Summer's fervid heat,	18
Nor, leaving her bright lan[d]scape, would I	
chuse	
Autumn's cold mists, and pestilential dews.	
More healthy Winter rears his fearful form	21
Midst the cold tempest, and the snow-girt Storm.	
Then give me Spring's thrice dear, entrancing	
hours,	
Smiles following tears, and suns subdued by	
showers.	24
Eye of the year, she lends her gentle clime	
To nurse the promise of a future time!	
So when the dusky night hath past away,	27
Morn rocks the cradled form of infant day.	

From Horace there is a translation of this period, executed with considerable skill, and very carefully transcribed in the poet's best "teens" writing.

### TRANSLATION OF THE NINTH SATIRE OF HORACE'S FIRST BOOK

"Hunccine solem
Tam nigrum surrexe mihi"—
Hor.

[That the sun should have risen so black for me!]

As I, by chance, was idly saunt'ring through The Via Sacra, as I sometimes do;

[12]

Musing on trifling themes—I know not what—	3
On that, and this, and then, on this, and that—	
A man approached me, very slightly known,	
And clasped my passive hand within his own,	6
Crying, unmindful of my astonished stare,	
"My dearest Friend, pray tell me how you are!"	
"Why, thank you, Sir," I answered, "I'm so, so,	9
And tolerably healthy as times go—	
Good morning, Sir"—I passed upon my way,	
But finding that he followed me, cried "Pray	12
Tell me if you have anything to say—	
For I am much perplexed, and, by your pleasure	,
Had rather be, a little, Sir, at leisure."	15
"My friend," he said, "you must not be so tart,	
why	
You cannot know I 'm of the literati!"	
"Certainly, Sir," I answered, "I must deem	18
You, still, from this, more worthy of esteem."	
Saying these civil words, in accents rough,	
I tried all modest means to shake him off:	21
Now walking very very quick, and now	
Checking my pace, and strutting quite as slow:	
Now with the last bold effort of despair,	24
Stopping to whisper in my footman's ear.	
But, all in vain, my pest'ring friend would	
follow,	
And I, o'ercome with rage, and beaten hollow,	27
Vielded the point but as I vielded cried	

"Happy Ballanus" (this was said aside)	
'Blest with a head so lucky, or so dull,	30
As not to fear the babbler, or the fool!"	
Meantime my vile tormentor chattered on,	
Talked of the streets, and scandal of the town.	33
But soon observing, that, tho' at my ear,	
I neither answered him, or seemed to hear;	
With matchless impudence, he dared to say	36
"I see, my friend, you want to get away,	
But I am here, and here I mean to stay.	
Your company is my delight, and pride;	39
Not all the world shall part me from your side!	
Then, tell me, for I really want to know,	
The way exactly that you mean to go."	42
Scared at the thought, tho' filled with lurking	
spite,	
I grew at once most earnestly polite—	
"Thank you, kind Sir, but I must go alone,	45
To you, the friend I visit is not known—	
Besides across the Tiber, lies my route,	
Near Caesar's Gardens, and, Sir, without	
doubt,	48
I could not take you such a way about!"	
"Come, my dear friend," my torment cries, "be	
easy,	
I 've nothing else to do, and am not lazy—	51
We'll go together." Quite o'erwhelmed by thi	s,
I feel a cloud o'erspread my darkened phiz:	

So when the ass's load is somewhat bulky, He hangs his head, and looks extremely sulky. "I can't conceive," exclaims the talking knave, "What makes you look so marvellously grave— And for my life, I cannot comprehend, Why you had rather Viscus were your Friend, Or Varius, than me—pray do you know 60 How smoothly, and how quick my verses flow? Who, in the dance, with me can you compare For graceful shape, and fascinating air? And, when my voice attends the soft tuned string, Hermogenes may envy as I sing." Here I addressed him, as he paused for breath; 66 "Have you a Mother . . Friends?" "No, hapless Death Has snatched them from me, and of life bereft-" "Blest is their fate! now I, alas!, am left! 69 Despatch me quick, nor let me linger long, The miserable victim of thy tongue! For now the hour, the fatal hour behold! 72 That, in my youth, the Sabine Witch foretold; And thus did she the page of fate unfold! 'Let not the boy such common evils fear 75 As subtle poison, or the hostile spear, Consumptive pains, or cough, or tardy Gout, But lest a Chatterer should find him out! 78 Then when he reaches prudent Man's estate,

Let him avoid a talker, and his fate.	
Here we arrived at Vesta's temple, where	81
Hope rose once more, and chased the form of	
Care.	
For there I found, he must, t' obey the laws,	
Appear to recognise, or lose his cause:	84
"If, my dear friend, my int'rests you regard,	
Stop here awhile"— "Not I, upon my word;	
The civil courts, I'm ignorant about,	87
And for my legs, they 'd never stand it out!	
In short, no more your precious time I 'll waste	
You know my business, and that I 'm in haste.'	
The coxcomb paused a minute, perhaps two,	
At last he said "I don't know what to do!	
My cause, or dearest Friend, I must desert,	93
And either way I'll take it much to heart."	
"For me, Sir, let me bid your scruples end,	
And beg you to desert your dearest Friend."	96
"No, no," said he, "for now that I 'm put to it	
I find I cannot, and I will not do it."	
Thus having said, he walked on as before,	99
I followed, though I knew the fop a bore;	
For what we can't o'ercome, we must endure,	
And still must suffer what we cannot cure.	102
My woes grew greater than they 'd ever been—	
He then resumed—"How stand you with	
Mæcenas?	
He is a man of infinite discerning,	105
5	100

Of much experience, and undoubted learning.	
To gain his favor, and his friendship too,	
I'll tell you, Horace, what I'd have you do!	108
An able friend, you ought to introduce,	
Who may at times convenient be of use—	
A man of parts, who, when your Muse	
rehearses,	111
May puff your satires, and commend your	
verses.	
But you may say, 'An able Friend, 't will be	
Most hard to find.' What think you, Sir, of	
Me?	114
If to my Genius you award your voice,	
Depend upon 't I shan't disgrace your	
choice."	
Provoked by this, I made a quick reply—	117
In error strange, most learned Sir, you lie!	
Such low, contemptible, detested art	
Could never win Mæcenas' lofty heart—	120
No fawning beggars to his levies crowd,	
But souls more glorious, principles more	
proud—	
Nor should I grieve, nor heave one recreant	
sigh	123
If one more great he honored more than I."	
You say the strangest things I ever knew"—	
I answered briskly, "Not more strange than	
true.''	126

"What would I give," the astonished fop	
exclaimed,	
"To be the Friend of one so justly famed!"	
"Is such your wish, Sir? then you soon may	
do it—	129
Mæcenas would feel honored if he knew it,	120
For he delights in giving welcome kind	
To Gentlemen of your superior mind—	132
Tho' there are often, you perhaps may guess,	
Some difficulties in his first access."	
"Yes! but with me such matters will not tell,	135
I manage them so admirably well—	
I 'll bribe the porters that attend his door,	
With bribes—they 'd never seen the like	
before—	138
And if denied one day, I 'll not be vexed,	
But persevere, and come again the next—	
Chances, and times, with wisdom I will meet,	141
I 'll pester him amidst the public street—	141
*	
Or elsewhere, when he is inclined to roam,	
I'll find him out, and persecute him home.	144
Enjoyment without care 's an empty bubble,	
And mortals can gain nothing without trouble.	,
As thus he gabbled on, to my dismay	147
Fuscus Aristius met us in the way—	
A Friend of mine, tho' oft a waggish wight,	
Who knew the fellow and observed my plight.	150
in mo knew the renow and observed my pright.	190

We meet, shake hands, and in the accustomed	
phrase—	
"Where go you, Horace—whence d' ye come?"	
he says!	
While, as a hint to his humanity,	153
I nod my head, and wink with either eye—	
Pull at his passive arm, and twitch his sleeve,—	-
But he, provoking wag, would make believe	156
My wishes to mistake—till scared with fright	
I wa[i]ved all modesty, and spoke outright.	
"Nay Fuscus! you remember, I suppose	159
You told me you 'd a secret to disclose—	
I 'll hear it now, if you 're inclined to tell."	
"Yes, Yes, I recollect it very well!—	162
But, my dear Horace, you forget the day—	
What would the circumcised believers say?"	
With piteous look, I answered—"I can't see,	165
My Fuscus, what they say should be to me."	
$ m ``But\it I'$ have scruples—don't like men t' abuse me	3,
You know my weakness—and you must excuse	
me.	168
I would not risk th' offending of a Jew—	
And for my secret—any time will do."	
Did ever sun illume a day more black?	171
The rogue departs, and leaves me on the rack—	
Till by all people, in all places, crossed,	
Just as I gave myself quite up for lost,	174

The tiresome talker's adversary met us, And by the collar seized the man of letters—

"Where scud you, Rascal? I'll soon low'r your crest!"

He cries—"Do you, Sir, witness the arrest."
Catching the sound, I say, "With all my heart"—

Then having acted this delightful part, And seen my torment hurried into court, And all my miseries at once cut short, I got away amidst the noise, and fuss, 183

To tell the world, Apollo sayed me thus.

Not to be tedious in commenting on this version, we may yet remind the reader that Varius was an epic and tragic poet, a friend both of Horace and of Virgil; that Fuscus Aristius was no Horatian invention, but another of Horace's literary friends, and that Viscus had not when I was at school been identified, and as far as I can gather is still unknown to the learned. John Conington, whose works I am old-fashioned enough still to consult on all Virgilian and Horatian questions in preference to other scholars now perhaps more esteemed, ends his capital version of the satire thus:

Off to the court he drags him: shouts succeed: A mob collects: thank Phoebus, I am freed.

Of the same period and of the same degree of finish is a rendering of the *Prefatio* of Claudian to his poem concerning the Rape of Proserpine (Book I).

## TRANSLATION FROM CLAUDIAN

Inventa secuit primus qui nave profundum-

The man who, proudly on his vessel's side,
First swept, with unskilled oar, the virgin tide—
Trembling beheld the gentlest waters pour,
And, fearful, crept along the reedy shore;
Till, bolder grown, he reared the swelling sail,
Left the dull coast, and wooed a brisker gale!—
But when sublimer thoughts above him stole,
To nerve his arm, and wing his conscious soul,
He ruled Ægea's storms, Ionia's tide,
The Seas his empire, and the Stars his guide.

It is to a great extent a matter of speculation with what specific object these careful manuscripts were being made. No doubt the young brain was teeming with the literary adventures of the future; and many schemes must have been devised and rejected between the time when Papa was determined to spoil his wondrous little daughter by printing The Battle of Marathon for private distribution and the time when he made arrangements for the issue of her next volume—An Essay on Mind with other

Poems, which came out in the first half of 1826,<sup>1</sup> anonymously, but in the regular way of publication. There was one scheme for the issue of a small volume with a dedication to Campbell—which dedication exists in MS. and is as follows:

To
Thomas Campbell, Esqr
as a humble tribute
of respect for his Genius,
and gratitude for his kindness,
the following pages are inscribed, by
his obliged and respectful Servant
The Author.

The Preface of this work is also extant, and begins somewhat conventionally thus—

"In opening the little volume, which so humbly solicits his clemency, the Critic must not expect anything wherewith to exercise his judgement, the Philosopher to realize a theory, or the Moralist to confirm an axiom."

The author goes on to explain that the poetic trifle now offered is "merely an aerial Fiction arrayed in the silk taffeta of words," and that it is

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> An / Essay on Mind, / with / Other Poems. / "Brama assai, poco spera, e nulla chiede." / Tasso: / London: / James Duncan, Paternoster-Row. / MDCCCXXVI. pp. xvi + 152.

more calculated to "indulge the imagination" with an unreal and flitting scene than "to gratify reason, or exalt the understanding." The author faces the probability of an accusation of "presumptuous vanity," in issuing a production "unemancipated by Genius," without a claim to public elemency, on the plea of public utility.

The critic is reminded that while the eagle proudly soars towards the sun, and the lark cleaves with rapid pinion her lofty way, the humble swallow is allowed to "twitter from her straw built shed," unheeded; and the hope is expressed that a generous Public will regard the work with an indulgent eye, and refrain from blighting, in its earliest blush, "The unripe fruit of an unready wit."

It was a torn quarto sheet among the fragmentary manuscripts distributed in 1913 that bore the dedication to Campbell and the Preface just quoted from, to some hitherto unidentified poem, described as a "poetic trifle," "an aerial fiction," which terms might, not improperly, be applied to the following Spenserian stanzas, with their epigraph from the then much praised poem, Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming. These stanzas purport to be Canto II of something, and are written on paper water-marked 1818; but though they may possibly have been written in her twelfth

or thirteenth year, they probably belong to a date subsequent to the completion of the *Glimpses*. The single quarto sheet has on it eight Spenserian stanzas and five lines of a ninth. There is no title; but the heading stands thus:—

"Pallida Mors equo pulsat pede"—
Hor.

"And must this parting be our very last?

No! I shall love thee still when Death itself is past."

Gertrude of Wyoming—

CANTO 2D

A second manuscript of seven of these stanzas was made in a slightly bolder style of calligraphy on a quarto sheet water-marked 1820; and it is not absolutely clear that we have not there an example of Mrs. Barrett's writing. If that is the case, it must have been copied from yet another manuscript; for it is headed thus:—

## THE ENCHANTRESS

Oh!	horrible	, horrible,	most	horrible!
				Hamlet
				=
				=

[24]

and in the blank space between the two double rules something has been scraped off with a knife—no doubt the Canto-number. There are several scrapings and corrections in a blacker ink, and the stanzas as well as the pages of the sheet are numbered by the corrector, certainly Elizabeth, whether the copy corrected be hers or her mother's. The last stanza is numbered 9 instead of 7; and there is a cross showing that the numerical gap is to be filled; the two missing stanzas being supplied in the poet's usual smaller writing of the "teens" period, on a separate quarto leaf with a corresponding cross in the left-hand top corner.

A third manuscript of the stanzas in her smallest and neatest "teens" hand, is on a sheet of "Bath crown" paper, white, and water-marked 1822, in the possession of Messrs. H. Sotheran & Co. It is headed "Extract from an unpublished Poem," contains eight stanzas only, and ends with a long rule denoting finality—for there is room for more if she had meant to extract more. This sheet is paged 27 to 30 in the outer top corners. The stanzas are beautifully written, without any erasures; but show several good textual variations from the other two. Another manuscript volume not earlier than the year 1822 is thus clearly enough indicated; and it is to be noted that *The Enchantress*, also on white Bath crown paper, is paged 1 to 4, while for the

manuscript translation from Horace (Satires, Book I. 9) paged 5 to 16, some of the same paper, watermarked 1820, was used, and the writing is of the same period. Another quarto sheet of the same paper and in the same "teens" writing is left unpaged. It contains the translations from Bion and Claudian. (See *ante*, pages 11, 12, 21.)

Here are the nine stanzas yielded by our two manuscripts:

- Above th' Egean wave, the sun is glancing—
  And o'er the dark depths, gently, silently,
  The flitting lights in rainbow hues, are
  dancing!
  In rippling melody, the waters sigh,
  And the soft breathing zephyrs give reply—
  Oh! beautiful is Morn! and sweetly play
  The light and shadows o'er that lucid sky,
  As the last cloud fades tranquilly away,
  And the young hours unclose the sleepy lids
  of day!—
- II] Sweet is the musical breath of perfumed
  Even,
  And sweet her setting sun on blushing
  wave;—
  Hone's deathbod where we get the adjunction

Hope's deathbed, where we catch a glimpse of Heaven,

Which smiles on Death, and triumphs o'er the grave!

Sweet are her silv'ry tides, that calmly lave The soft ascent of those delightful shores— When Zephyrs kiss each other, and enslave Their wings in sunbeam chains, and wreathed flowers:

But sweeter, holier far, the Morning's ambient Hours.

III] A little Bark is sleeping on the billow, And round its stern, the harmless breezes play—

> Cradling its frail form on a faithless pillow! Now Judas-like, the light, quick, sparkling spray

Kisses the prow, as onward shoots its way,
Cutting with flashing keel the silver tide,
And now impetuous, thro' the quiet bay,
It seems on wings of life, and light, to glide,
Till on the pebbly shore, it heaves its grating
side!

IV] And from the stern, a laughing Maiden leapt,

And lightly on the golden sand she sprung— The wavy ringlets, from her fair brow swept, With snowy fingers playfully she wrung From the wet spray—then all around her, flung

A glance of hasty, anxious tenderness— Paused, looked again—and somewhat wildly sung

A little air . . . then mute, and motionless, Hung on the gale that seemed, like one dear voice, to bless!—

v] Like the conception of a Poet's dream,
Upon the wings of Inspiration caught—
So exquisite in beauty, we might deem
That spiritual essence in that form was
wrought;

Purer than fancy—lovelier than thought!
From the deep azure of her eye of light,
The young soul seemed to spring, untamed,
untaught,

And laughing from it's casement pure and bright

Breathe thro' th' o'ershadowing lash to Care, a long "good night"!—

VI] From brow of purest marble, gracefully, Fell the bright locks upon her shoulder fair, Like moonbeams sleeping on a quiet seaThou seemest, Ida, like a child of air, But gone astray, and wand'ring pathless there—

With that aerial step, those sunny eyes, Seeking some bright, seraphic messenger, To waft thee gently to thy kindred skies, Thy beautiful, long remembered, long lost Paradise.

VII] Yon bark had borne her, from her own dear Isle,

The happy cradle of her innocent hours, Where life seemed bliss, and Nature was a smile!

Tho' soft the shade of her beloved bowers, And fair the Harem of her bright-eyed flowers,

That wooed the amorous Sun's e[f]fulgent ray—

Yet 't is more sweet, to watch the cloud that lowers,

Big, dark, and fateful, on Eumonia's day, Than revel in those fields, so lovely, and so gay.

### VARIATIONS

(VI, 4, 5) Thou seemest, Ida, in thy youth to be A Peri of the deep— (VI, 7) swift for bright (VII, 1) And she had wandered

۲<sub>29</sub>٦

VIII] A Rainbow on a stormy Heaven, she came To speak of happier hours, and brighter skies—

Breathe words of love, unlike, and yet the same—

And kiss the tear from her Eumonia's eyes—Bidding Hope's sunshine transiently to rise—Then with a softly beaming smile recall Home's dear delights, when mem'ry fondly flies—

Her wreathed roses, and her Father's Hall, Where erst she gaily bloomed,—the fairest flower of all!

IX] And Ida from the bark, impetuous flew, 'Till a delightful glimpse her quick eye caught,

Sleeping on earth beneath the falling dew,
Of the loved one, her heart so fondly sought!
But Oh! Eumonia, had it ever thought
To see thee thus!—would it have throbbed
and leapt

To meet thy smile! Yes! for to share thy lot Is joy—And Ida watched her as she slept, And gazed, and gazing turned away—Perchance she wept!

Apart from the statements in the Glimpses that at ten her poetry was "entirely formed upon the style

of written authors," that she read in order to write, and that at eleven she "wished to be considered an authoress," we have the general avowal that she "perused all modern authors who have any claim to superior merit and poetic excellence," and her enthusiastic words to her Uncle Sam concerning the Byron of the later *Childe Harold* epoch. It is not strange therefore to find her paying practical homage to Byron. Certainly, but for her admiration of him there would have been no such composition as that entitled—

# THOUGHTS AWAKENED BY CONTEMPLATING A PIECE OF THE PALM WHICH GROWS ON THE SUMMIT OF THE ATHENIAN ACROPOLIS

I] I gaze upon thee—yet I will not weep,
Tho' to my lips this heart tumultuous swell!
My soul calls Freedom from her silent sleep,
Then wildly breathes that last, lone word
"Farewell."

Why doth the music of the sweet-toned shell Break into sadness? Now those soft notes flying

Light on the tremulous airs—now Freedom's knell

Upon the desolate winds abruptly sighing Like ocean's whisper'd gale, which seems most sweet when dying.

II] Lead me to buried Liberty's lone grave— There will I stand and hear the waters lash Her sacred tomb—the voices of the brave Shall speak to me, and thousand visions dash Athwart my sight in Memory's startling flash! Land of high deeds and living poesy, Once it was thine to bid Kings bow, worlds crash!

Oh! once 't was thine, immortal Greece, to be The Conqueror of the world, the Parent of the free.

III] And this is desolation! this is death— This is the gloomy stillness of the soul: Within this chaos doth no spirit breathe? Yea! sounds of wailing o'er the billows roll, Wild as their winds and free from Man's controul-

Perchance the shades of heroes weep, unseen— They speak to Glory from Destruction's goal—

They faintly breathe, beneath that blue serene, A sigh for what will be—what is—and what has been.

IV] Then farewell Athens! oh, farewell, farewell-

Land of the Muses—nation of the free!

Oh, do my senses labour 'neath a spell,
Gazing on this—which tells of thine, and thee?
City of heroes! Orphan'd Liberty,
Invincible, may even now be near—
And bending from her kindred skies, may be
Gazing in tender sadness mutely here,
And mingling with a smile the sweetness of a tear.

Of this set of Spenserian stanzas at least two manuscripts exist. In one headed more simply, Upon a Piece of the Palm, that grows on the Top of the Acropolis, at Athens, line 2 of stanza IV reads "Land of the Glorious" for "Land of the Muses." The paper of that copy is water-marked 1822.

A tradition is current in the Moulton-Barrett family to the present day that Mr. Barrett "edited" his daughter's juvenilia. If he did, it is not to be wondered at that he preferred, when choosing the poems to accompany An Essay on Mind, to take the stanzas on Byron's death rather than the echoes of Byron and Campbell which the reader has been looking at, or that some of the "laureate" poems of that period, such as that to himself on his Birthday, and that to Edward Barrett, Junior, gained preference over the more fanciful effusion. But beside those obviously domestic pieces it is to be noted that the Hope End archives include a manuscript

of one of the few really charming minor poems issued with An Essay on Mind. It is the piece which in that volume is headed Memory, without any indication of its domestic character, even the word Brother in line 34 being left out. Though Pope is the principal influence of the main poem, it is Wordsworth's tone and manner that we discern in these octosyllabic couplets; and, as the manuscript varies both verbally and in punctuation from the printed version, and the heading shows the domestic occasion, it is hardly superfluous to give the poem here.

## WRITTEN ON DEAREST STORMY'S BIRTHDAY— HOPE END DECr 28<sup>th</sup> 1824

[When the author was in her nineteenth year]

3

9

My Fancy's steps have often strayed
To some fair vale, the hills have made—
Where sparkling waters travel o'er,
And hold a mirror to the shore;
Winding, with murmuring, in and out,
To find the flowers which grow about.
And there perhaps, in childhood bold,
Some little elf, three summers old,
Adown the vales may chance to run,
To hunt his shadow in the Sun!
But when the waters meet his eyes—

He starts, and stops, with glad surprise,
And shouts, with merry voice, to view
The banks of green—the skies of blue—
Th' inverted flocks, that bleating go—
Lilies—and trees with apple blow—
Seeming so beautiful below.
He peeps above—he glances round
And then looks down—and thinks he 's found
Reposing in the stream to woo one,
A world even lovelier than the true one.

Thus, with visions gay, and light, Hath Fancy loved my page to dight, Yet Thought has thro the vista seen 24 Something less frivolous, I ween! Then while my chatting pen runs on, I'll tell you what she mused upon. 27 Memory's the streamlet of the scene . . Which sweeps the hills of life between— And, when our walking hour is past, 30 Upon its shore we rest at last; And love to view the waters fair. And see lost joys depictured there. 33 My Brother when thy feet are led To press those banks we all must tread— Let Virtue's smile, and Learning's praise, 36 Adorn the waters, to thy gaze, And o'er their lucid course be lent

39

42

In this case there was no "Ba" subscribed, the last line being so close to the foot of the second page of the single leaf that there was positively no room for anything more, even "a little name." The text given here of course follows the manuscript—not the printed book. The poem addressed to "Stormy's" papa is also a very pretty one headed To my Father on his Birth-Day, with the Horatian epigraph "Causa fuit Pater his." It is in the same metre as that to "Stormy," and, though not so good a composition, I should be inclined to place it in the same year a few months earlier, as Mr. Barrett's birthday was than Stormy's. The thin volume in which Elizabeth Barrett made her first substantial trial of the public taste was certainly out by the middle of the year, for it was reviewed in The Literary Gazette on the 15th of July 1826; and though it might by possibility have included a birthday poem for the 28th of May in that year, it is not very likely to have done so. For 1825 we have an unpublished poem in a different metre, which is about to be given from the Hope End

Archives. In the poem published in the 1826 volume there is a sweet appeal to the paternal heart:—

'neath thy gentleness of praise, My Father! rose my early lays! And when the lyre was scarce awake, I lov'd its strings for thy lov'd sake: Woo'd the kind Muses—but the while Thought only how to win thy smile— My proudest fame—my dearest pride— More dear than all the world beside! And now, perchance, I seek the tone For magic that is more its own: But still my Father's looks remain The best Maecenas of my Strain; My gentlest joy, upon his brow To read the smile that meets me now— To hear him, in his kindness, say The words,—perchance he 'll speak to-day!

Perchance, poor sweet Laureate! She was never quite sure of the mood of the Autocrat whose she was and whom she served; but we must not forestall our tale and its moral. For the present, be it noted that she had other work in hand in virtue of her office; and here is a birthday letter in verse and prose for her sister Henrietta, duly signed with the

official "Ba" and headed "Hope End March 4th 1824":—

I sent a message to the Muse,
Last night, to leave Castalian dews,
And speed here if 't were in her power,
This morning at the breakfast hour—
But, above all, to keep in time,
As Reason would not wait for rhyme!
When lo (I never heard a better)
'Stead of the Goddess comes a letter.—
A curious M S, to be writ
By hand divine—and this is it!

"You will not think I treat you ill, When, tho' my presence I refuse, I use a whole Maeonian quill To write a billet in excuse.

Nor call my absence unpolite,

Nor want of condescension deem,

For all that stays my Hope End flight,

I speak sincerely, is your theme!

12

To say the truth, on Beauty's eyes
When gentle Poets often think,
I oft Parnassus' glowing dyes
Have mingled with my vot'ry's ink!

[38]

And some instead of charms of face
Good humour's charms have lov'd t' impart,
And then my smile hath gilt each grace,
Each dear enchantment of the heart!

But modesty with beauty joined,
And temper's sweetness, in one letter?!
Oh no! I can't sing all combined,
I won't attempt your Henrietta!!

Yet let not *this*, my note, astound her,
Nor be thou wroth at my excuse!
With all the laughing Graces round her
She surely will not miss—

The Muse-"

Many many happy returns of the day to my dearest Henrietta, and if she be inclined with Pope to "trust the Muse" for the sincerity of her apology, may she also forgive her uninspired votary for attempting so weighty a subject without divine aid, remembering amongst other classical quotations that I am not the only one who has been in at THE SCRATCH without being one of the FANCY!

Ever my dearest Addles' most affecte
BA

This document was duly addressed outside "To Miss H. Barrett." Its general style and jocularity

serve to connect it chronologically with the next poem, which indeed may have been begun for Henrietta's "Birthday Ode" for that year, and developed, as it went on, to a piece of wider than Hope End interest. Line 11, in the manuscript, ends with the word within, no doubt a mere clerical slip for below.

#### RHYME AND REASON

Mid festive sounds, in summer season, Up bustled Rhyme to look for Reason; And having searched each solemn place, Most like to harbour a grave face— St Stephens' chapel, several sties,— Three tubs—two universities— 6 She found her, to her special ruth, At th' bottom of a well, with Truth!— Rhyme o'er the brink her body slanted— "Here! Reason! if you please, you 're wanted!"— "What, ho!" said Reason, roused below,— "I wanted? Hath the mighty flow 12 Of Time's impetuous Nile out-brought A new fertility to thought? Are Folly's steps forbade to range? 15 Is there on earth a sign of change?— That I should be esteemed in season— That mortal man should come to Reason?"— 18

"Nay, nay!" said Rhyme, and gave a wink, so,—	
"I can't say, Reason, that I think so!	
That Nile of yours may still, I doubt,	2:
Waft Folly's gay canoe about:	
And men,—except a very few,—	
Esteem your name, much more than you,—	24
And think,—if what they think, they 'd tell,—	
Tis only in your well, you're well.	
The fact is,—let me make you smile,—	2
I want you for a little while.	
You dont forget my face, I hope!	
In the good days of Mr. Pope,	36
And sometimes since, & oft before,	
Have you & I talked matters o'er.	
Oft have I made your weight go down,	3:
Among the sages of the town;	
And smuggled you, my kindness shewing,	
Into the trimmest verses going;	36
And all without the poet's knowing—	
Therefore, old friend, to save my lack,	
Take bedrid Truth upon your back—	30
Wait not—but join me on the road—	
I want you for a birthday ode!"	
Poor Reason, who had cocked her ear,	4:
At the first call she chanced to hear,—	
And hoped she was to change her station,	
To form the new administration,—	4

Grew very vexed, she had been lending So much of hope, to such an ending!—

"Avaunt profane! I save your lack!— 48 I lift my hand to pour out sack— I walk with such as thou, the road! I wanted for a birthday ode— 51 It would indeed be strange, I wis— And if I stoop to deed like this, Then may I haunt all meanest places, 54 And be familiar to all faces. Then may I play with boys, at ball— At skulls with Spurzheim & his Gall! 57 At patience, with the dowagers! Nay! the next time Hexameters Are writ in English, tho' you stare, 60 May Southey's readers find me there!"

Whatever Southey's readers might find, and whatever E. B. B.'s readers might miss from many of her compositions, there is one thing that they can never claim to miss, to wit this very Reason that Rhyme started up to look for. Henrietta generally evoked from her sister a lighter strain than most members of the circle,—no doubt for reasons discoverable by study of her individuality if we examined sufficient material. Compare these lighter verses we have just been enjoying with the solemn

beauty of the poem to her brother Edward, belonging to this period and chosen (si vera est fabula) by Mr. Barrett to help fill up and vary the Essay on Mind volume. That poem is full of tender and lovely thoughts—the very epigraph from Lycidas shows the exquisite delicacy of the poet's choice:—

For we were *nursed* upon the selfsame hill—

which is as true of Coxhoe Hall where they two were born, as of any of the Malvern Hills which she may have had in view. "I could not," she exclaims,—

I could not speak the words, if words could speak my love.

Together have we passed our infant hours, Together sported Childhood's spring away, Together cull'd young Hope's fast budding flowers,

To wreathe the forehead of each coming day! Yes! for the present's sun makes e'en the future gay.

And when the laughing mood was nearly o'er, Together many a minute did we wile On Horace' page, or Maro's sweeter lore; While one young critic, on the classic style, Would sagely try to frown, and make the other smile.

But now alone thou con'st the ancient tome—
And sometimes thy dear studies, it may be,
Are cross'd by dearer dreams of me and home!
Alone I muse on Homer—thoughts are free—
And if mine often stray, they go in search of thee!

Looking back to the version of the ninth satire of Horace, one almost hankers after some sample of Horace's supreme poet-friend's "sweeter lore" from the same hand, which certainly dropped one delightful Virgilian crumb into Rhyme and Reason; for there can be little doubt that "Maro's sweeter lore" provided the undefinable effluence of

Hath the mighty flow Of Time's impetuous Nile out-brought A new fertility to thought?

and

That Nile of yours may still, I doubt, Waft Folly's gay canoe about.

For what have we here if not a breath from the divine Fourth Georgic? Turn to lines 287 to 289:

Nam qua Pellæi gens fortunata Canopi Accolit effuso stagnantem flumine Nilum, Et circum pictus venitur sua rura faselis . . .

or, if one may venture upon an English paraphrase—

Where Canopus' favoured sons and daughters Dwell by Father Nile's life-giving waters, Where, whene'er the river overfloweth Each man in his painted shallop goeth Over meadows tilled by former labour.

To the same period may be assigned (to pass from grave to gay as the young folk of Hope End themselves did) a Prologue written and spoken by their Poet Laureate before some amateur theatricals at Hope End, of which Mr. Harper and I have not succeeded in unearthing a program or a book of the words. One might hazard, from this cleverly imitative composition, the guess that the play was a tragi-comedy, and also a brilliant bit of fooling.

## **PROLOGUE**

So you come to our play—I 'm rejoiced that you do But the prologue 's the lobby, my Friends, to pass thro'—

There the Muse sells rush candles: so by their faint light I'll ask you to pawn us your ears for tonight And generously yield to our humble demands	3
A draft on your smiles and per cent on your hands. But I won't keep you long like some players of old	6
Lest my feet should grow tired and your patience catch cold.	
I 'm come from the green room you 'll surmise! 'tis true— And the Actors are looking uncommonly blue.	
There 's the desolate Cora by misery smote	
	12
There's the murderous Davilla all trembling with fears	
As Rollo is boxing Ataliba's ears, While Las Casas assists in the sorrowful chime By counting what game he'd have shot all this time.	15
Pirano has given a full hour to descry What we all should discover—the way how to die. And the virtuous Alonzo who 's just four feet	18
high	

Sips his tea and complains of his Lilliput height	
Yet declares that he 'll put forth the best foot	
tonight.	21
For E[1]vira! you 'll think me an impudent elf;	
But I'll leave her to speak and lament for	
herself—	
Though I'll whisper one fact you may easily	
see—	2.
That she 's sure to be pleased if you 're pleased to	
clap me.	
Then oh! let success crown the work I'm trans-	
acting	
And give us good humour in change for bad	
acting.	5.
Do you smile? do you clap? yes! tis no make-	
believe;	
So my friends will take courage and I will take	
leave.	

The Laureate lets us know wittily enough that she, the author, not only spoke the prologue, but did "leading lady," in the character of Elvira; and we may safely assume from the sugar-plum incident that Henrietta played Cora. Which of her brothers played Davilla, Rollo, Ataliba, and Pirano is an insoluble riddle; but Las Casas must have been a lad old enough to shoot Squire Moulton-Barrett's game, and may have been a Cousin

Graham-Clarke rather than "Bro," and Alonzo must have been one of the little brothers. But enough of guessing: we are again on solid ground in giving the "Birthday Ode" to the said squire for 1825, headed—

TO MY DEAREST PAPA ON HIS BIRTHDAY, 1825

[When she was nineteen]

I] If every thought of love could find a sound
To speak its life—if Tenderness might steal
A touch from Orphean harps, pulsing
around—

Yea! if the heart were MUSIC, to reveal In most melodious tones, what hearts, in fondness, feel—

- II] Then might affection, like the Bulbul, be
  When every gadding bird is hush'd on spray,
  Keeping to Heaven her holy minstrelsy—
  Oh! then nor Chiron's art nor Loxian sway
  Would match these simple rhymes . . eclipse my
  artless lay.
- III] But if, as Poets write, Feeling be dumb,
  And can alone by gesture show her meed;
  If, to fond thoughts, Expression seldom
  come,—

No wonder tho' my song be rough indeed— Nor shall my Father's ear a sweeter cadence need!

IV] He 'll think my broken measures sound more soft

Than all the pomp, sublimer themes inspire:
For tender words are never heard too oft,
Tho' breathed as thickly from the murmuring
lyre,

As wild Ogygian tales at Gossip's evening fire.

v] Albeit the sound be harsh, the image dim,
Grateful Affection writes her language here—
And her true language makes it all to him:
Let me aread thee right, oh! fondly dear!
For what no thought can speak, a Parent's heart
may hear.

Your always attached BA

By the date of this Birthday Ode it may be presumed that the forthcoming Essay on Mind volume was in active preparation and the subject of frequent discussions between Ba and "dear Papa." Whether he was privy to her approaches toward a channel independent of his purse is not apparent. It was of course by his act and deed that these early books materialized; but in this year 1825 she found her way into print through the Editor of The Literary

Gazette and Journal of the Belles Lettres, concerning the establishment and early years of which much information is given by Editor Jerdan in his lumbering and ill-compacted Autobiography.¹ The Gazette for the 19th of November 1825 contains under the head of "Original Poetry" the following fanciful effusion by Elizabeth Barrett:—

## THE ROSE AND ZEPHYR

The love of Zephyr for his Rose
Hath oft been told, and all may know it,
In sportive verse, and laughing prose
That apes the follies of the Poet;—

And, musing in some silent spot,
The Minstrel, who has turn'd a rover,
Hath often deem'd his ear had caught
The harpings of that fairy lover.

But love is transient, joy is frail,
In garden's e'en, there 's no denying—
And it is mine to tell a tale
That sets each tender floweret sighing.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The / Autobiography / of / William Jerdan, . . . . with his/ Literary, Political, and Social Reminiscences and Correspondence / During the last Fifty Years / . . . London . . . 1852 . . . [four volumes, small octavo]

Sweet was the soft and balmy eve,
When Zephyr, for his lov'd-one fearing,
Exclaim'd, "Oh! teach me to believe
That thou wilt ay be thus endearing!

"For much I fear, that when the Hours Admit the rosy footed Day, love, Thou 'It be as false as other flowers, And let him kiss thy tears away, love!"

"Be hush'd," she cried, "nor wrong me so,
Thou fear'st in vain, and reasonest blindly:
Thou shalt not think thy Rose untrue—
'T is a harsh thought, and sounds unkindly.

"Not long ago, in noontide hour,
The sunbeams threw their chains about me—
Was I gay then?—ask any flower:
I could not smile, love, when without thee!

"And tho' thy sire, the raging Wind,
Would oft our loves indignant sever,
Yet, Zephyr, promise to be kind
And constant to thy Rose for ever."

Thus they talk'd on, with converse light, Till stars were from the welkin starting; When mournfully she sigh'd "good night,"—And breath'd a kiss to him at parting.

And flowery gossips shrewdly say,

Her petal'd bloom grew pale with sorrow—
A Lily, much too pure to lie,

Speaks of the tears she shed till morrow.

But mark the end—in luckless minute,
A gaudy sunbeam chanc'd to stray
Beside her bower, and loiter'd in it,
And smiled those transient tears away.

False Rose! no thought of Zephyr there;
They laughed, and woo'd, and loved together
Till a light cloud obscured the air—
He fled before the rainy weather!

Sad Rose! would Zephyr leave thee so?
Oh no! that truth the Garden 's sure of;
Thy bloom is past—thy head droops low—
And, hapless Rose! thou 'rt heard no more of!

And many a sigh, poor Zephyr gave,
To all the evil that befel thee;
He bore thy petals to the grave,
As butterfly historians tell me.

And when June flowers their scent disclose,
As down the vales, his pinions bring it,
There 's a lament for faithless Rose,
And passing minstrels hear him sing it.
E. B. B.

On the 6th of May 1826 a poem entitled "Irregular Stanzas" appeared in the Gazette over the initials E. B. B.—a poem which the student will find it of interest to compare with Riga's last Song, written in the same metre and inspired by the same adoration of Liberty,—the subject being transferred from Greece to Italy in the Gazette poem. This piece, hitherto neglected by Editors and Bibliographers, will certainly do no discredit to the poet.

## IRREGULAR STANZAS

Had I been born on a servile shore, I might have tamed my spirit more; The spell of a despot might have hung On the dreams I dreamt and the songs I sung.

But I have look'd from the white rock's brink, And have thought as if I dared to think,— For freemen are round me as I stand With my own harp, in my own land.

<sup>1</sup> Essay on Mind &c., p. 143.

[53]

Oh! should I ever live to be
On the sunlit plains of Italy,
I would walk as they walk beside the dead,
With voiceless lips and a soundless tread!

I would not enter the lordly hall, I would not gaze on the pictured wall, I would not join in the riotous glee,— Her ruins should make my company.

Alas! for the land of the Poet's might! They wed her to Pleasure, cold and light; But Glory was her ancient spouse, And her heart remembers its early vows.

Alas, for the land—saddest of all! They weave her a bridal coronal; Her hard task-masters would make her shew A brow of smiles with a soul of woe!

Let her rise by the spells of Dante's mind," Let her cast her gauds of shame behind,— Yea, let her mount the widow's pyre, And, clasping the urn of Glory, expire.

Erewhile a voice did my spirit meet, When Naples spoke from her marble street; Before she crouch'd in the dust again, And the slave went back to his broken chain. Away, away! my harp and I Part from the land of Italy: Say not its chords too wildly moan— Say not I should have still'd their tone.

My soul, my soul, is the harp I bear! Let its strings break ere silence be there: The hand of Freedom, with passionate thrill, Shall waken its chords to what tune she will!

E. B. B.

It seems likely enough that, when this poem went in manuscript to Jerdan, he was told that a copy of the Essay on Mind which would reach him from Duncan was by his young contributor; for he certainly had knowledge of the youth and sex of the author of that volume,—as shown by the opening and close of the review in the Gazette of 15 July 1826. Jerdan—if indeed it was he—made himself pleasant enough to her without disclosing her identity; and it was not without justice that the Gazette exalted her thought, erudition, and devotion to the Muse above her skill in versification at that time, expressing good hopes for her future, and concluding—"All that we ask of the fair author is to address herself more to nature, and undress herself from the deep blue in which she is now attired." The "if" made use of above is justified by Jerdan's

confession that in those early days of The Literary Gazette Letitia Elizabeth Landon, then enjoying a considerable reputation won by her early volumes, was rendering him great assistance not merely as a contributor of lyrics signed "L. E. L.," eagerly looked for by his readers, but in the general work of the paper. It pleases me to think that the kindly hint was administered by the "bay-crowned living one" who was to be duly celebrated by an infinitely greater than she when the years had worked their tragic will on poor L. E. L. and performed their splendid task of education and development for E. B. B. The unfortunate marriage by which L. E. L. became Mrs. Maclean, and the deplorable close of her life at Cape Coast Castle, will always enhance the interest which her personality and literary doings are calculated to maintain for close students of English literary history. The hint, whether L. E. L.'s or Jerdan's, appears to have been taken in good part; for, unless I am deceived, the young poetess contributed to a later number of the Gazette (that of the 30th of September 1826) a somewhat extravagant legendary poem entitled The Black Statue, signed "Elizabeth" and characterized by a style entirely free from "mean words nominatives," &c., used as terminals, against which she had been warned. The poem may perhaps be regarded as a not very worthy precursor of such

# work as The Legend [afterwards Lay] of the Brown Rosary, of a much later date. Here follows

#### THE BLACK STATUE

"A fearful legend of the olden time, When evil spirits walked the earth, and sealed Dark contracts with the foolish and the bad."

Commanding all the vale around, A Castle's gloomy turrets frown'd; Long was it desolate, dark, dread— Seem'd it fit dwelling where the dead Would roam through each deserted tower And silent hall, at midnight hour. —Thither, at last, a stranger came, None asked his lineage or his name; For there was something in his eye That question rude would stern defy; And something on his lip and cheek That quell'd the rash and awed the weak: And lonely as their master's mood. Those desert halls were solitude. And it was whisper'd, that when Night Gloomed on the pale Moon's waning light, Were sounds of wonder and of fear, Unmade, unmeet for human ear. 'T was said that though of mortal birth, Spirits which are not of this earth

Were leagued with him; that fated charm Was bound to his unerring arm.

One day, down our lone vale, with speed, I saw him ride his raven steed:
The furious horse, at every bound,
Beat with his fiery hoofs the ground;
And as he fiercely onwards dash'd,
His black hide foam'd, his red eyes flash'd
With fires of an unearthly glow,
As if 't were true, the whisper low
Which rumour'd 't was a fiend that bore
That haughty Lord from shore to shore.
—Though used he neither spur nor rein,
Yet onwards, on, he dash'd amain.

He stopt before a palace gate,
Where left that darksome steed to wait;
Through the still hall he wander'd on,
While with quick tears his proud eye shone.
There by his side a Lady knelt,
Her lips upon his hand he felt:
He raised the maiden, and he prest
Her light form to his throbbing breast.
"Maiden, we may not longer bide,
My dark steed waits, and we must ride,
My best love, to the Castle, where
Together will we breathe the air
Of summer, and with thee alone
I'll listen to thy soft lute's tone;

There will I watch thy lightest sigh—Drink the deep beauty of thine eye—Count every curl of glossy hair
That hangs around thy bosom fair.—My metal'd courser will not stay—Come, lady mine, away, away!"

Again the vale with horse-tramps rung; A weeping woman breathless clung To that strange Lord—on, on he rode, The fleeter for that lovely load.

As of a trumpet rose the sound, Open the Castle-gates were found; A pinewood fire lit up the hall, Round it were sixteen pillars tall, And over each a lamp burnt bright, But softer than the red firelight. The stranger Lord was leaning there, Before him knelt that Lady fair: She clasp'd his knees, the rood she raised, And supplicating, on him gazed. "You have cross'd land, you have cross'd sea, You have come far for love of me; And I have left silk, gold, and gem, For one, O dearer far than them! Wedded me to your darker lot, My Rudolph, I regret it not; Mine only wish that lot may be Less heavy from your love of me.

I pray you kiss the rood, and tear Away the godless charm you wear; Renounce the contract that you gave, Dare all but Death beyond the grave."

He clasped her; but I saw no more, For sudden closed that portal door: I saw no more, but heard the sound That swept those haunted turrets round.

The night was as the grave, dark, still, Such night as suits with deed of ill;—
There was no wind, save one wild blast Which fiercely o'er the Castle past, And blent with that was a drear cry, Like life's departing agony.

The morning sun shone rich and bright, Pouring the glory of its light
O'er hill and valley; to that hall
I pass'd in haste—'t was silence all.
The dying pine-fire, sickly, spent,
Seem'd mock'd by day's glad element,
Which brightly on a statue fell
Of sable,—art ne'er wrought so well.
That curved lip made for haughty word,
'T was strangely like that stranger Lord;
That eye, which like a diamond shone,
O that was human, that alone!—
It gleam'd beneath the lid of stone,
And fix'd upon a woman's face

The arms held lock'd in fast embrace. Close to the sable breast she clung, Her soft hair from her forehead flung— 'T was cold as what she gazed upon, Her breath of life with his was gone. Beside, a scroll lay scorch'd with fire And shrivell'd, as some hand in ire Had flung it on the flames; and there Another lay, but white and fair. I seized it, and in awe and dread These words upon the parchment read— "Those who on earth were not forgiven, Have pity and have hope from Heaven." That Castle now is desolate. The bat builds in its halls of state: And o'er its pavement, without fear, Bounds in its glee the spotted deer; And wanderers there, with heart-sick thrill, May mark a sable statue still. Still closely to its marble breast A woman's mouldering form is prest; The worms have prey'd upon her brow, There's nothing but the white bones now; And still a scroll beside them lies, And these few words meet wondering eyes— "Those who on earth were not forgiven,

ELIZABETH.

Have pity and have hope from Heaven."

I cannot say positively that The Black Statue is the work of E. B. B.; but I believe it to be. It is true that one of L. E. L.'s names was Elizabeth; but I know of no case in which she used that name as a signature,—whereas E. B. B. certainly did. Then, too, the piece has not the vivacity and sparkle of L. E. L., whose four years' seniority to E. B. B. gave her also advantages of experience. But whatever The Black Statue may be, certain it is that Hope End was at that time the scene of endeavours in many kinds, from the light fantastic up to the profoundly thoughtful. Here for instance is a blank verse composition of considerable weight, which the evidences of paper, writing, and subject combine to allocate to 1826 or thereabout: it is called—

### **MEDITATIONS**

Creation is before me—I will sing
Creation's God! This world of light and love
And loveliness and hope and vernal beauty
Laughs joyously beneath the expanse of Heaven!
When lo! a tempest in the sullen air
Blackens the Sun—the hissing lightenings leap
From Nature's cracking womb scattering the
darkness—

Air burns—earth groans—Heaven thunders and the deep

Like its own monster, huge Leviathan, 9 Lashing with foamy tail its hundred shores Bellows!—So changeful earthly loveliness. But I will sing the great Immutable 12 Th' Eternal Sire! Lord God Omnipotent! Who am I that my young presumptuous hand Should dally with thy lightenings—that these eves 1.5 Dare to traverse the intermediate space And look on thy perfections—Lord of Hosts! Omnipotent—Omnific—Omnipresent! 18 Not mine t' aspire so rashly—for my hand Would falter o'er the Psalmist's Harp and make Its music voiceless! 21

The influence here might be that of the Rev. Edward Young.

In the month following the appearance of *The Black Statue* a new field of activity was thrown open to Elizabeth Barrett. Her father's neighbour Uvedale Price, who had doubtless received a copy of the *Essay on Mind*, and been struck by the power and erudition of the preface, had in the press a work on accent and pronunciation in Greek and Latin; and of this he invited his youthful acquaintance to read the proof sheets and pass her remarks upon them. Without further preamble, here, from

the Hope End Archives, follows the resultant essay elicited by the author of eighty from the poet and scholar of twenty.

## REMARKS OF ELIZABETH BARRETT ON PROOF SHEETS OF A WORK BY UVEDALE PRICE

Mr. Price's desire that I should read these sheets with the design of remarking on them I have obeyed with much deference to him, and distrust of myself. I have read them with deep interest and attention—and have been greatly struck by the original chain of argument, consolidating a powerful body of facts-by the vanquishing of possible objections—the meta fervidis evitata rotis. would lie rather hard on my veracity to be obliged to cavil for the mere sake of cavilling; and Mr. Price's system as explained in the Ictus metricus and very original chapter on Elisions has left a strong impression on my mind. I have been made satisfied that if, as scriptural commentators conceive, light represent order or consistency, the present established system of accentuation is one "cui lumen ademptum." And I am convinced that, of the two systems, Solomon's judgement would not acknowledge a relationship to poetry in that system, whose object it is to destroy the animal life of poetry—the harmony. Having this conviction it is

extremely pleasing to me to own it. I have so much satisfaction in thinking that Horace's hexameters may be read with an ear and yet with luxury. And I have so much more than satisfaction in thinking that we may grasp at the celebrated harmony of Homer, and find no longer a mere κεινη τρυφαδεια the pleasant sound of Greek words without the music of their disposition. This satisfaction I am indebted for to Mr. Price. The doubts which offered themselves to my mind in the course of reading what I have read of his, I either found dispelled as I went on, or a little consideration on my part dispelled them. To speak in Homer's own style, which may be applied to many objections (and objectors) to this system, the Cranes are only formidable to the Pygmies.

With regard however to the chapter on Hexameters as compared to modern heroic metres, MY cranes, as they have been flatteringly asked to do so, will have the boldness to say something. They are inclined to think that maugre the decided truth as well as wit of Mr. Price's Greek pun, a degree more variety than he has allowed to our heroics is due to their structure. I will write down, under correction, his statements, and my reasons for doubting them. Mr. Price's assertion that "we cannot in strictness have any dissyllabic spondee" seems to be controvertible. I think we have several

examples to the contrary in Milton whose 'os magna sonaturum' is very partial to the spondaic structure. I cannot recall to my mind any line which the ancients have left us of much grander construction than the following—710. book 3rd of Paradise lost.

"Confusion heard his voice, & wild uproar Stood ruled."

Now I certainly feel strongly that if the spondaic claim of "Uproar" be not admitted—if it be converted into a trochee, or left an iambus, the grandeur of sound will be sensibly diminished. I feel strongly the exquisite effect of the first amphibrach and subsequent trochees—like the heaving of the half formed elements.

"Confusion heard his voice, and-"

And I feel no less strongly the sudden cessation of confusion, the sudden firmness, and "standing fast" produced by what appear to me the five successive long syllables—when

"wild uproar

Stood ruled."

I think that in this instance as in many others, there is a poetical necessity for the acknowledgement of

the existence of English dissyllabic spondees—and that this necessity may be exemplified by the unconscious accentuation of any unlearned reciter who has feeling and a correct ear. For "uproar" is surely in this place as true a spondee as the Italian virtu, or Pope's monosyllabic one "vast weight."

On the line

"When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw"—

"That Ajax is really a trochee will be felt by putting it in the place of vast weight, where a trochee would evidently injure the metre and rhythm." Putting "Ajax" in the place of vast weight certainly proves it to be a trochee from the peculiar change which takes place in the construction of the line. But I do not think a trochee in that place injures the metre any more than an iambus would. It has appeared to me that a trochee introduced before a last foot (supposing the last foot to be an iambus) produces an agreeable relief from the monotony of the usual heroic structure. The following examples from Chaucer's Knight's Tale are among the most melodious I can recollect—

"Ănd Sōlĭtāire hĕ wās ēvĕr ălōne Ănd wāilĭng āll thĕ nīght mākĭng hĭs mōne."

Also Milton's

"For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his time."

That "our heroics seldom begin with a dactyl." This must from the context allude to trisyllabic dactyls, which however I had conceived not rare at the beginning of English heroics.

With regard to dactyls monosyllabically composed they give I think a *frequent* charm to the beginning of our heroics. Mr. Price quotes from Milton

"Light as the lightening glimpse, they ran, they flew,"

and observes upon it—"This beginning—a trochee followed by a short syllable, that by a long one, and forming a choriambus, is frequent in hexameters and hardly less so in our heroics." Now I do not see why the trochee with its subsequent short syllable should be made perforce part of a choriambus instead of being permitted to hold, by courtesy at least, independant [sic] rank as a dactyl. I will take the commencing part of the dactylic Greek hexameter, quoted immediately below, and I will

Write it in the place of the commencement of what Mr. Price calls rather strongly, our anti-dactylic heroic verse. If, after having done this, the accentuation or tune of the line suffer no alteration, I believe a fair conclusion may be drawn that the two commencements have a resemblance in character—that the character of each is dactylic.

"Light as the lightening glimpse, they ran, they flew."

" $\bar{\Lambda}\nu\epsilon$   $\epsilon s$   $\bar{\eta}\delta\epsilon$  glimpse, they ran, they flew."

One word in favour of a poetical prejudice.

"Shakespeare, Milton, Ariosto, and Tasso, have done all that was possible in less perfect languages and metres." I regret that, in this enumeration of modern great Poets, Dante should be omitted—for the cause of the omission is anything but clear. I acknowledge a strong feeling of preference for Dante in his rugged grandeur, to Tasso "tra i fiori e l'erba"—I don't say "estinto"—and setting aside sublimity of conception, which I certainly have little to do with here, it appears to me that on mere metrical grounds he has a claim to the honour of being named by Mr. Price, and associated with Milton. Not having studied the Divina Commedia with immediate reference to the present sub-

ject, and not having it by me to refer to, many splendid examples must necessarily remain unremarked. But one instance of metrical felicity occurs to me, singularly expressive, which Mr. Price will recall without an effort—

"E caddi come corpo morto cade."

It is almost superfluous to observe what a different character is here given to the iambi— (no longer celeres)—by the monotony of consonants and vowels—how much heaviness and falling and stiffness we have instead—how much of the "Corpo morto." Dante has at least "done all that was possible in a less perfect language & metre."

Foxley. October—1826.

This essay led to a voluminous correspondence, highly interesting on both sides. It was sold with the rest of the family papers in 1913; but it was not complete enough for a separate volume, and too erudite and weighty to be introduced into such a work as the present. Mr. Harper decided, therefore, not to acquire it along with the other MSS. Among other facts disclosed in that correspondence, however, was the contribution of a hitherto unknown poem by E. B. B., of a profoundly sig-

nificant kind, to The Jewish Expositor and Friend of Israel for January 1827. It appears without title, but under the epigraph—

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"-Lamentations.

Who art thou of the veiled countenance,
That sittest by the way, alone—alone,
Looking a queenly widow? thy drooped hair
Kissed by the dust—thy vest, incarnadined,
As from the wine-press of the wrath of God—
Thine ancient harp beside thee without string,
In exile from its music? Answer me!

6

18

"Who art thou that constrainest thus my woe
To answer thee? If ever thou hast walked
I' the caverned past, to make its echoes speak—
If face to face thou stoodest with the dead
Ages, to mark the features of their ghosts—
Then say what thou hast heard most
wonderful—
Then say what thou hast seen most excellent,
In all the earth, and I will answer thee!"

I heard a rushing from the mighty sea,
Which was not of his waters! man and horse,
Woman and child, harper and trumpeter,
Did send the noise of life from the old seat

Of silence and the waves: Leviathan	
Quaked at the sound o' the trumpet—and the	
tongue	21
Of all the shrunken deep was chained with	
dread.	
I saw a mountain garmented in clouds,	
Which ever and anon the lightnings rent—	24
In whose path did the thunders shout, deep-	
voiced, As those who rush to battle! There was fear	
Below, among the people! On their brows	27
Swung the tempestuous light, while all their	
hosts	
Murmured and heaved like woods i' the wind.	
Our God,	
The Lord, whose shadow is the light of worlds,	30 ,
Dwelt on that cloud-girt mount—their	
Lawgiver!	
I saw a glorious City. At her gates,	
The Elders sat rejoicing—in her streets,	33
The young men touched instruments musical—	
The Lord was in her temple! Thou dost know	
Zion! Now answer me!	
"Oh woe! Oh woe!	36
We for the pleasant things! Go back to Time-	

I saw the glorious City! she who erst	
Was full of people, sat in solitude:	
Her Elders had all ceased from her gate,	42
Her young men from their music: in the streets	
Men staggered, as the blind, with blooded vest-	_
And none did touch them—, for there came a	
cry,	45
"Touch not! it is unclean—depart: depart!"	
And so, they fled and wandered! Then I knew	
That they had crucified their King, the	
Christ—	48
Therefore the crown had fallen from their	
brows—	
Therefore their mountain waxed desolate,	
Whereon the foxes walk—therefore their dance	51
Turnëd to mourning—their heart's joy to woe—	-
Their organ to the voice of them that weep!	
Now answer me.	
"I' the voice of them that weep,	54
I answer thee! woe for the Holy Place!	
She who was great among the multitude,	
She who was Princess among provinces,	57

How doth she crouch in darkness—the despised—
The hissing of the nations—pouring her heart,

She who was called the joy of all the earth, Beauty's perfection, and the throne of God—

60

Like water, i' the night watches! I unveil Her face to thee: her beauty is depart[ed] -63 Her lovers stand afar off—she doth stretch Her chained hands uncomforted! For thee, Tell me from whence the light upon thy brow, And tell from whence the Book within thy clasp;

What dost thou find therein?"

The Crucified! He who redeems His people from their sins!— 69 Comfort to Israel!-Peace!-

"Oh, Christian man! GIVE ME THY BOOK!"-

The first quarter of the year 1827, in which the foregoing poem is an event of no ordinary kind, marks a crisis in the career of this wonderful girl. During many months of the year 1826 her chief occupation in the seclusion of her tiny room high up among the minarets of Hope End, had been the composition of a poem on the Development of Genius, on the subject of which she had consulted Mr. Price, and enlisted his sympathy and approval of the plan submitted to his keen judgment. He had also seen and praised the execution of what she had shown him of her work as it went on. I fear Mr. Barrett may have been—not unnaturally, but also not quite worthily—jealous of this literary friendship between his daughter and his learned and influential neighbour of Foxley. The poet has left on record that, well back in the year 1826, a part of what she had then written was read by her to her father, "who professed to have heard nothing from the weakness of" her voice. Though disappointed, she was not discouraged, but worked on in her solitude, "without," to use her own phrases, "the advantage of his advice, feeling alternately sanguine and out of heart, about my poetical prospects."

Having got her work "in a sufficient state of forwardness," she wrote out a part of it and took down eight sheets to Mr. Barrett on the 3rd of February 1827, when the following conversation ensued:—

E. B. B.—I have copied for you something of which I should be much obliged to you to look at.

Papa.—Is it prose or English?

E. B. B.—*English*, but not prose.

Papa (smiling at his mistake, and beginning to read the sheets and remark on illegibility and obscurity).—You can never please people through want of explicitness. I told you so in the case of your Essay on Mind. The style is involved, and

disfigured by obsolete words. Where did this word come from?

E. B. B.—From Spenser.

Papa.—I wish you had never read Spenser. Your harmony is defective—you who write so much about measure. I told you that by writing on that subject you would destroy your style.<sup>1</sup>

E. B. B.—The lines you complain of, Papa, were written before I wrote on that subject at all.

Having read less than half of what he held in hand, "in a very hesitating and ridiculing manner, constantly mistaking the words," hardly waiting for her correction, "and almost entirely missing the final pause of every line," he dismissed his daughter thus:—

"There is the same fault here as what you have been condemning in Almachi. There is no variety. You ring changes on one idea all through. You might give the character you would entertain us with in a page and a half. The broodings of your hero are the broodings of a madman—and his egotism is insufferable. Lord Byron lets you look at his melancholy mind, but by glimpses only. There never was such a character as Theon's."

After adding that the conception was bad and unredeemed by the poetry, which, he said, was less

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> He was alluding to her correspondence with Uvedale Price.

harmonious than anything she ever wrote, that the whole thing was wretched, and a lamentable waste of time, that the subject was beyond her grasp, and that she must be content to do things within her reach, he said (somewhat brutally, it must be admitted)—

"I cannot read any more—I would not read over again what I have read for fifty pounds . . . I advise you to burn the wretched thing."

With such a dismissal "after months of anxious solitary thought," scarcely able to refrain from tears, she carried her papers off to her nest among the minarets, without a word, but with a "marble heaviness" of heart. How would it end? It seemed hard to her that half an hour's patient attention could not be vouchsafed to her "half year's patient composition." Yet she records that she had received much more gratification from the approbation her writings had met with than she had "any right to expect"; and then comes the significant admission, "Mr. Price's friendship has given me more continual happiness than any single circumstance ever did—and I pray for him, as the grateful pray."

In her memorandum on this episode she alludes to her experience of "much mortification at different times," but says she has hardly ever been mortified as on this occasion. Perhaps it may do her

good—perhaps she was getting "too exulting" in herself, and perhaps it was right she should be made "apprehensive" about herself. Her father's expression that her subject was beyond her grasp indicated to her how limited he thought her talents. "I believe," she says, "I did not think my talents so limited, and I certainly did not know that he thought so. The knowledge is worth something, but it is very very bitter to receive at first. I shall get over this in time, and in the mean while will fag harder than I have yet fagged. I cannot give up completing the poem I was advised to burn, but I shall revise and I hope improve it." Though disturbed and humbled, she cast her cares, as she says, "on Him who careth for me," and felt next day the conviction that "dear Papa would be sorry to feel how much he grieved" her, and a measure of relief from emptying her heart on paper.

One would like to think of her as pouring out her grief on the bosom of that sweet mother whose love and tenderness she has left on record. But alas! Mary Barrett was in very delicate health and not long for that little world of Hope End. Dear old Uvedale Price no doubt had news of this fall in the spiritual fortunes of "Ba"—(he too called her "Ba," by permission duly given in writing)—and perhaps it was he who suggested that while carrying out her stalwart resolves, she should reshape

some of her material into that excellent piece "The Poets' Enchiridion," which will at all events afford the reader a welcome relief after the painful episode which has just been disclosed.

### THE POETS' ENCHIRIDION

My song! mine ancient song! which was to me A pleasant hope, is now a memory, For memory is the ashes of our hope. My silent song! no longer doth it cope With my free heart, what time veiled solitude Did sit before me in a holv mood With brow of worship, preaching silently About the mighty things of earth and sky. Lo! as St. Dunstan's harp, hung on the wall, Ceased not ev'n then its labour musical But went on with the same familiar lav Its master's touch had lessoned it to play— So is my harp . . my soul: her theme is gone Which was her master, but its spell and tone And human sympathies and dreams of power Cleave to her diapason at this hour! So deem I a new song may now be taught: It shall be as a voice unto my thought Which else were silent: as, against their wills, The little valley prisons many rills In her green bondage, so my narrow song

Shall turn into one course the gushings strong
Of mind and feeling, that they are may flow,
(Brightening the pebbles which therein I throw)
To mirror Heaven above and freshen earth below!

Oh ye! who in your lonely wanderings Tune up your spirit's harp with golden strings Because the meadows are alive with flowers, At gossip with the bees in summer hours; Because the spring layeth her votive wreath Upon the mountains what time underneath The tirëd Ocean turneth unto sleep Breathing and muttering midst his slumbers deep! Lay not your harp where rust will fret its strings, Dream not your pleasant dreams of passing things, Of the green leaves which drop off one by one— The honeyed bees which perish with the sun— The summer breath which bloweth and is done: The colored flowers which have no color long— The quaint bird which is silenced in his song— The cloudless welkin which the clouds must cover-

And the dumb ocean where the winds sweep over!

Have I not walked abroad in our fair world When every little leaf was fresh unfurled To fan the blossoms? Have mine eyes not seen, (As we may see thro' tears) the broad sunsheen Turning like Midas all it touched to gold: Have I not viewed the Ocean's scroll unrolled Whereon is written Time,—and the woods round Shewing their leafy glories with a sound? Yea! I have seen these things!—but aye I thought That all this pride was out of ruin wrought! Behold! the blossoms which today are ours Spring from the dust of last year's buried flowers! The grass which seems to cloak our hills in Mirth Is but the green shroud of an ancient earth Once very green, now dead:—the royal sun Shining so blythe on us hath also shone On some who unto darkness bent their wav!— Av me! Av me! thus when I fain would stay Within this house of Beauty, her lamp lit Shews me how Change upon her hearth doth sit An unforbidden guest. Thus when I stand I' the sorrow of man's strength, on this fair land, My lips ask 'What is life' with faltering breath And all things sensible do answer—Death! Therefore I turn from Nature's pleasant dit Unto the ear that listeth oft to it For whose use it was fashioned—straight I go From the majestical and air-hung show Of woods and booming waters, mountain, dale, The which are God's creations, tho' made frail, Unto the breath of God, the deathless soul, Who master albeit prisoner of the whole

Vieweth the grossness of the things that be And by the touch of cunningest alchemy Maketh their uses spiritual—I find Much here for wonder, and I fain would bind This theme immortal to my mortal song, This frontlet to my brows, and trace the strong Desire of some strong soul to cast away Th' Ægyptian bonds, the manacles of clay, And follow o'er the deep truth's pillared flame. The which desire, when passionate, men name By the proud name of Genius, and I would Refer it to discernment of the good—
The good or beautiful—by ancient rule, Beauty is good and good is beautiful.

How far the resolve to complete the poem on the Development of Genius was carried out, has not transpired; but the extant mass of its disjecta membra is considerable; and a great amount of the vowed revision is shown by some portions. Before the torso that good luck has bestowed upon The Bibliophile Society is laid before the members in extenso, it is proper to finish the consideration of the part taken by Uvedale Price in this chapter of the history of Elizabeth Barrett. He also had birthdays worthy of celebration; and on the 26th of

March 1827, the eightieth of them, Hope End vouchsafed to Foxley the distinction of an address, thoughtful, grateful, and pathetic.—

### TO UVEDALE PRICE, ESQR ON HIS BIRTHDAY MARCH 26, 1827

My words are on my lips uncalled: I turn
Towards thee, unpermitted—nor inurn
Within the lonely darkness of mine heart,
Such feelings as can never thence depart,
And do inherit sound. It is not fit,
That I, who have rejoiced o'er pages writ
By thy soul's lamp, should joy not it was lit:
I, who with pilgrim feet did erewhile press
Thy distant paths of leafy secretness,—
Where Nature welcomes man in Nature's gear,—
Freed from the tyrant's chain, and bondslave's

fear—

Freed by thy generous hand, from which was ta'en The zone of painting, to replace the chain!
Thence grateful, to thy will her actions timing,
She charms thine hills, and green-grass vales,—
subliming

Thy solemn forests' wild divinities— Yews, the black mourners for gone centuries, Veiling the place in shadow—horrent oaks,

Braving the Harpy Winds and thunderstrokes And blue canicular sulphur—Larches fierce, Writhing and grappling with the Earth to pierce Her royal sides by roots thrust out aslant, And keeping ave with Heaven proud covenant!— Whereby old Solitude, engendered dumb, Speaks to the soul by gesture: and doth come, She of the veiled brow, who wont to stay I' the Poet's soul—as his Egeria— Th' IDEAL, won by love or forced by spell To walk such place in glory visible!— Yea! and thy spell is vocal to mine ear—1 And Homer leaves his mouldering sepulchre For a new Nestor! Classic Poetry, Who hath been forced by cruel Time to be A Philomela, marred of her sweet speech— Who hath been therewithal enforced to teach, With finger gestes, and cunning broideries And gorgeous painted forms, only our eyes, And not, as erst, our HEARING, with her strain— Doth look up at thy voice, and speak again! Yea! thus the shadow of thy time, thine age, Like to the statue's shade i' the antique page 2 Seems only shed upon the earth to show The beamy treasure which was hid below!

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> She notes that the reference is to "Mr. Price's Work on Accent."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The author notes that the allusion is to a tale in the Gesta Romanorum.

For me—for me—shall Memory's pleasant flood Keep green within my heart a gratitude! Because when, erewhile, by mine Harp I sat, And faintly gave to sound what thought begat—When uncommunicable fears, that sting And hide beneath their wings the festering,—Darkened about my spirit—the deep fear Lest none should hear the tone . . or some SHOULD hear—

When the tone faltering grew,—the lamp unbright,—

Thou didst not still the harp, or quench the light;
But, patient of my lay,—its harshness borne,—
Did'st spare the minstrel's fault,—the critic
scorn!—

And therefore it is just,—and so shall be,—
That all I name mine own, my minstrelsy,
Convey this all I have to give . . a prayer!—
May many gracious years their freshness share
With thee,—and singing Hope, uncheated, press
To watch thy golden fruit of Happiness!

Farewell! tho' words were on my lips, my breath Had let them perish in a silent death, And hid their grave from Echo: but I thought That howsoever they were rudely wrought, Their "truth might be their dower": and thou might'st hear

In kindness what was spoken in a fear!— For that, the simple words, I, thus, let fall, Are likest harpstrings swept in echoing Hall,— Only their TREMBLING makes them musical!—

E. B. B.

It was at about this time that another important friendship arising from correspondence began. Hugh Stuart Boyd had doubtless seen An Essay on Mind; and in all probability the correspondence arose on that book. During the year 1827 it was fairly brisk; and the question of the young poetess going over the hills to Malvern to see the blind scholar had been discussed; but up to the middle of March 1828 they had not met, Mr. Barrett having hinted to his daughter that there were objections to the proposal of a young lady visiting a male scholar, though an elderly married man! I have seen a letter from her to Boyd mentioning this attitude of Mr. Barrett, delicately, of course, but in such terms as showed that she did not see anything in the objections. At all events they were ultimately waived, as will appear from the following letter to Ba's paternal grandmother and Mary Trepsack, whom I believe to have been the old lady's companion. The name is variously spelt Trepsack and Tripsack.

HOPE END, March 17th 1828.

MY BELOVED GRANNY AND TRIPPY,

Why don't we hear from you?—If you could guess (and I think you almost might) how very anxious we are about the health of one so very dear, I am sure you would let us have a few lines without delay. I do think that if my own Granny were not so well, we should certainly hear—but "no news is good news" is a sorry motto for anxious hearts to lean upon! Therefore don't let us HOPE for good news; let us be sure of them.

I have a long and most romantic story to tell you; and before I enter upon it, Trippy will probably guess the name of its hero-Mr. Boyd!-Last Thursday, James proposed driving us to Malvern in the Phaeton, for the purpose of paying a visit to Mrs. Trant—Within a hundred yards of her house we met and passed a lady and gentleman-and Henrietta and Arabel, who had seen him before, exclaimed to me . . . "Mr. Boyd!"-My first impulse was to stop the carriage—but my courage gave way! I COULD not introduce myself then! we accordingly went on, and meeting Mrs. Trant in the garden, she told me that Lady Knowles, her neighbour, was on the point of setting out for Hope End. Mama had not been quite so well as usual that morning; so I hurried into Sir Charles

Knowles's, to intercept our visitors and to beg them to defer their drive our way, to another time. On our return home I was [a] good deal laughed at, on account of my being uncomfortable about the morning's meeting—"How could he know it was you?" said Papa—"And if he did, how could he dream of vour introducing yourself to him in the public road?" I persisted in believing that Mr. Boyd would find out who I was, and that he would mention the circumstance in his next letter. On the very next day, Friday, my prophecy was accomplished. I received a letter of eight foolscap pages, and a half-the latter part of which was dated "Thursday Morning." Here is an extract! "I suppose it was you who passed me this morning near Sir Charles Knowles's, and afterwards went into HIS HOUSE!! Whether it was you or not, it awakened within me feelings and reflections which for several months have been somewhat repressed! Mrs. Boyd is tired of this place and wishes to leave it. If I should do so, I shall probably write you a letter the day before, to tell you more fully what I think and feel! I am now nearly forty seven, but, if I recollect right, this is the longest letter I ever wrote in my life."

I cannot say how pained and uncomfortable l felt about this letter: for although personally un-

known to its writer, I could not help entertaining friendship and gratitude for one, with whom I had had such close intercourse,—and from whom I had received such repeated kindnesses during the course of a year. I took the letter to Papa, and accompanying it with a running commentary of my own feelings and wishes, I gained his kind permission "to do as I liked." I therefore wrote a note to Mr. Boyd to say that I should be with him on the earliest day I could—and to explain how my courage, not my inclination, was in fault when I passed him without speaking. On Monday Bro was persuaded to go with me—and I begged Henrietta and Arabel to keep up my spirits by driving with me as far as Mrs. Trant's where I proposed leaving them till our return!—You may imagine how desperately alarmed I was!—I trembled at the idea of making such a visit with only Bro—at seeing my unknown correspondent for whose learning and talents I had much respect—and in whose nearness and conversation, I expected something particularly awful and abrupt. Every body condoled with my terrors —and we set out!—Now for it! now comes the tug of war! When we arrived at the top of that precipitous hill where we begin to descend into Worcestershire, Bro said to me-"Is it safe to go down hill without a drag chain"-"Oh yes!" I re-

plied—"James did it very well on Thursday—and at any rate, you know, as there is no drag chain, there is no use talking about the matter." Bro made the poney walk, and we went on gently for a little distance; at last it began to trot: "Don't go so fast" said Henrietta who was sitting in the back seat with Arabel—"I can't help it"—said Bro—"the poney WILL go." And the poney would go!—the pressure of the carriage on the hind legs frightened him. He kicked violently, and sprang madly down the tremendous descent. Imagine our situation!-Bro said "Hold tight—Don't touch the reins!"—But I in my terror lost all presence of mind, and without knowing what I did, seized one rein. Bro disengaged it from my hand! Round the corner we whirled—I grasped the rein again, and in three minutes, we were all precipitated upon the bank. To tell you the truth we all thought we were dead, and when poor Bro had lifted us all up—and found that no harm was done—except a bump on Henrietta's forehead and a strain in her ancle, our feelings of gratitude to God were fervently expressed! -It was a miraculous preservation! Some men who were working in the road were despatched after the carriage, for though it had upset us, it recovered its balance, and was whirled off by the ponev. The Coach was going by, - and as they

very kindly offered us an inside place as far as Mrs. Trant's, we deposited Henrietta in it, and we followed on foot. It was a long way to walk-so that when we met the carriage, I got into it againbut soon got out, for my natural courage was quite extinct. Bro in his kindness, fastened the poney to a tree, made me get in again, and began dragging me along the road. It was not however to be endured that he should fatigue himself long by such exertion—and while I was preparing to get out again—who should appear but . . Mr. Boyd! There was no choice! My frights of all descriptions made me tremble from head to foot—but I actually went up to him, with Bro-and held out my hand. I could not speak—but Mrs. Boyd said "Miss Barrett"-Mr. Boyd shook hands with me in silence. Bro explained the nature of our accident—which I am sure it must have been quite necessary to explain —for I was covered with dust—my pelisse and bonnet, bent and torn in all directions—and my face, I dare say, as white as a sheet!-Mr. Boyd said "Are you hurt-are you sure you are not hurt?" and when I assured him I was not, in any way, he never spoke but walked on in silence! Mrs. Boyd wished "Miss Barrett would allow them to take charge of her"-which however I declined for that day. "As my sister had hurt herself a little

and was gone to Mrs. Trant's, I thought it best to go there for the present, and afterwards to return home." "At any rate then," said Mrs. Boyd, "we will walk with you as far as Mr. Trant's door." So on we walked.—You cannot think how awed I was by Mr. Boyd's silence-At last he said "I cannot help thinking that I was the cause—I was the cause." "A most innocent cause, certainly"-I observed. "But this is ominous, Miss Barrett-I hope you do not believe in omens." I assured him that "a merciful preservation could not be considered a bad omen." Then came another pause—"I only received your note," he began again—"a few minutes before we met"—There was another silence. I was too frightened and nervous for conversation. At last we arrived at Mrs. Trant's, and after shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, and receiving a most emphatic "God bless you" from the former, this extraordinary interview terminated. My eccentric friend is a rather young looking man than otherwise, moderately tall, and slightly formed. His features are good—his face very pale, with an expression of placidity and mildness. He is totally blind—and from the quenched and deadened appearance of his eyes, hopelessly so! —His voice is very harmonious and gentle and low -and seems to have naturally a melancholy

cadence and tone!—which is affecting when you look at his quenched and deadened eyes—totally and hopelessly blind. I did not see him smile once. Before I left Mrs. Trant's I received a note, a part of which I must give you . . "Dear and excellent Miss Barrett—It has always been my habit to express what I feel at the moment whether it be judicious or not. I afterwards felt sorry for the severity of what I had written on Thursday, and I wrote a letter on Saturday to say so. I hope you will receive it safely. Your note was given to us, only a few minutes before we met vou. I thought it most probably was to say, that the correspondence must be broken off. You may therefore form some idea of what I felt when it was read to me!-----(Here follow some *uncopiable* compliments.)

The sheet and a half of quarto paper used in writing this account of an important event never reached the hands of "Granny and Trippy." The half-sheet which should have been the wrappage to bear the address was in the end itself bisected; and the piece bearing the last twelve lines was wrapped round the sheet and endorsed thus:—

Meeting with Mr. Boyd. When I had written it, I thought I wd. keep it. The friendship with Boyd lasted till his death; and there are many interesting published letters from her to him, though not of this early period.

To Uvedale Price the fleeting years had been on the whole kind and bountiful; and when, at eighty, he got the birthday poem from his neighbour's daughter, he was still "all life and spirits, and as active in ranging about his woods as a setter-dog." The opening of the next year brought him the less valuable distinction of a baronetcy, conferred on the 12th of February 1828, a few weeks before Boyd and Ba met face to face; but I have not come upon a second valedictory poem (for the 26th of March) addressing him in his new style of Sir Uvedale Price, Baronet. If none such was written, there would be no cause for surprise, for the neighbouring Laureate's mother lay in sorry case at Hope End within a few weeks of her birthday only her 48th birthday; and when the 1st of May 1828 arrived the stricken lady received the following stanzas, written by her daughter Elizabeth not as one without hope, and yet in such terms as to evoke no feeling of hope in the reader that there would be any return to health for Mary Barrett.

## TO MY BELOVED MAMA, MAY 1ST 1828

- I] While weakness doth impede thy steps, And sickness pales thy cheek, What words befit my pen to write— Befit my voice to speak?
- II] No mournful words—no mournful words— For, aye, my thoughts reclineOn days, when joy may light our eyesTo see the health in thine—
- III] When pain may from thy gentle brow, As from our breasts, remove—
  And thou mayst give us happiness,—
  Who ever gav'st us love.
- IV] Belov'd! to thee I write no more,
  Than what is written there—
  My heart is silenced by its thoughts—!
  The silence hath a prayer—
- v] For could I look to such dear hope, And pass the Giver, by? No!—all the brightest scenes of earth, Are bounded with the sky!

[95]

Mrs. Barrett died on the 1st of October 1828; and on the back of the leaf which bears the foregoing verses the poet wrote the pathetic words "The last 1st of May." There is a monument in Ledbury Churchyard in memory of Elizabeth's father and mother and little Mary who died in childhood; but the only adequate monument to Mary the mother of Elizabeth Barrett is to be found, not in that work that "Lough the sculptor wrought," but in the incomparable daughter's records set out in these present volumes and a few beautiful words addressed to Robert Browning shortly before the marriage of the two poets. In August 1846, writing to him about his own parents, she says:—

"Scarcely I was a woman when I lost my mother—dearest as she was, and very tender (as yours even could be), and of a nature harrowed up into some furrows by the pressure of circumstances: for we lost more in her than she lost in life, my dear dearest mother. A sweet, gentle nature, which the thunder a little turned from its sweetness—as when it turns milk. One of those women who never can resist; but, in submitting and bowing on themselves, make a mark, a plait, within,—a sign of suffering. Too womanly she was—it was her only fault. Good, good, and dear—and refined too!—she would have admired and loved you,—but I can only tell you so, for she is gone past us all into the

place of the purer spirits. God had to take her, before He could bless her enough."1

One of the supernumerary sorrows of Elizabeth Barrett's early womanhood was her failure to be by her mother's deathbed at the very last—the doctor having given reassurances that justified a brief absence.

The new Baronet lived on for nearly another year, dying at Foxley on the 14th of September 1829—whether suddenly or lingeringly, I know not, nor whether his young friend saw much of him during that year. Her constancy to his memory is evidenced by a poem published in her next volume, *Prometheus Bound*, &c.<sup>2</sup> (p. 126). Her elegy closes thus:—

My thoughts are far. I think upon the time, When Foxley's purple hills and woods sublime Were thrilling at thy step; when thou didst throw Thy burning spirit on the vale below, To bathe its sense in beauty. Lovely ground! There, never more shall step of thine resound!

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett . . . . 1899, ii. 484-5.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Prometheus Bound. / Translated from the Greek / of / Æschylus, / and Miscellaneous Poems, / by the Translator, / Author of "An Essay on Mind," with other Poems / . . . London: / Printed and published by A. J. Valpy, M.A. / Red Lion Court, Fleet Street. / 1833

There, Spring again shall come, but find thee not, And deck with humid eyes her favorite spot; Strew tender green on paths thy foot forsakes, And make that fair, which Memory saddest makes. For me, all sorrowful, unused to raise A minstrel song and dream not of thy praise, Upon thy grave, my tuneless harp I lay, Nor try to sing what only tears can say. So warm and fast the ready waters swell—So weak the faltering voice thou knewest well! Thy words of kindness calm'd that voice before; Now, thoughts of them but make it tremble more; And leave its theme to others, and depart To dwell within the silence where thou art.

The last four lovely and significant lines must be read with the Birthday letter to Price, and especially with the account (ante, pp. 75-79) of the circumstances leading up to it; and, granting the family hypothesis of paternal editorship in the case of this book also, let us not be too tardy in our forgiveness of Mr. Barrett for his unpleasant behaviour on that Saturday in February 1827. At all events jealousy of Price's influence did not lead the autocrat of Hope End to exclude this elegy from his daughter's next volume, published three or four years after the dear old Baronet's death.

It is now time to lay before the members of The

Bibliophile Society all we have recovered of that "ancient song" which was for so many months of the year 1826 "a pleasant hope," and which had become "a memory,"—the ashes of that hope,—by the time The Poets' Enchiridion was dug out of it and fitted to a new prelude. The remains of The Development of Genius fall naturally enough into three parts, and are set out accordingly in the following pages. Part I is written on three sheets and a half of quarto paper, fourteen pages in all.—

### THE DEVELOPMENT OF GENIUS

PART I

3

An infant is asleep: all locked its lips
With rose of Harpocrate—the white eclipse
Doth overshade its erst most curious eyes:
What doth it dream of? not of Paradise,
Tho' some so reck—but haply of the light
Of tapers, which erewhile burnt very bright—
Its mother's milk or eke its mother's voice—
Sunshine and birds and all things that rejoice!
Howbeit the smile that lit his lips doth die
And pale as faded flowers they give a cry
Of sudden sorrow! Hath the naughty wind
Out-blown the taper?—is the voice most kind

(1-2) its rosy lips
Are locked in silence

[99]

Departed with its music?—the bird flown	
Over the hill-top?—and the sunshine gone?	
Alas! is light and bird and music past?	15
Is he so young—and change his dreams so fast?	
Why life is always thus! it is an ocean	
Whose waves do heave themselves in tortuous	
motion	18
To claim the crowning sunlight, and then merge	3
Their darkened faces in the rolling surge!	
Let man forbear to say "mine heart is blest!"	21
Whose words are breath-breath life-and life	
no rest:	
Let man forbear to say "In infancy	
Or by-gone times, a rest did come to me"-	24
Unless he prove his being did inherit	
A flesh that is not clay, a soul not spirit—	
Veins filled not with blood but ichor, ears	27
Unhearing, eyes that have no sight nor tears—	
(For sight and tears are joined in mansions deep	)
As if that Nature said "Look round and	
weep!")	30
Unless the pulses of his heart be stone,	
(21–2) Let not a man say "Lo, mine heart is blest!" His words	
(23) Let not a man say "In mine infancy	
<ul><li>(25) Unless he prove that he did then inherit</li><li>(26) was for is</li></ul>	
(28) had not for have no	
(31) were for be	

[100]

And stone be not of earth—unless he own No hope for what he hath not, and no fear 33 For what he hath,—no love for what is near— Then, with the blessing, he may scape the ban— Yea! then he may have rest . . but is not man! But I am man! Be witness joy and woe, Soul high aspiring; flesh succumbing low; And therefore speak I to my brother men! 39 Flesh of my flesh, and wrestlers in my pain— Soul of my soul, partakers of its strife— Conterminous in death, co-heirs in life— 42 I speak to you, my brothers! come and lay Your hands upon this pulsing heart of clay Whose deep and varied stops do soothly fill 45 The rolling harmonies of good and ill;

(32) And stone not earth—unless that he did own

(34) was for is

(35) might for may

(36) might for may and were for is

(37-8)

Be witness thou my woe,
And thou my joy!—thou flesh with grovellings low
Thou soul with high aspirings! weakness, strength!
And oh thou life to whose most weary length
I thence look back! and consummated, Death,
Unto whose jaws, as man I owe the breath
Wherewith to speak to men. Oh brother men!

Within this rejected passage there is the cancelled variant, Thou soul with high aspirings! Life—and Death

(45-6) are made to fill The rolling hand . . .

[101]

Leaving an echo to outlast all time!	
Count well, mark rightly, how its pulses	
chime;	48
Its tune is true to yours—I thus unbare	
Its nature unto you, the which ye share—	
And bid you meditate your own in mine:	51
We all have varied wealth of shade and shine	
Wherefrom we have to suffer not repine—	
For God gave life—ourselves did add life's	
woe	54
In adding sin; and therefore ere we throw	
The blasphemy of wrathful hands and eyes	
And desperate words to God's perpetual skies,	57
Quench we those eyes that burnt with evil	
thought—	
Chain we those hands whereby ill deeds were wrought—	
Bind we that tongue whereon the falseness	
sate—	60
And on the foes of God avenge His hate,	
Avenging on ourselves our proper fate!	
God gave us life, which is capacity	63
For happiness and sorrow, wide and free	
As is the suffering and enjoying soul:	
And peradventure, did His hand controul	66
Our capabilities of evil, good	
(49) Its very tune to yours (57) hands for words	

Were not enjoyed nor prized nor understood. For these our finite energies and sight 69 Would fail to comprehend good's infinite, Save for the dreary marks divisional Of human ills whereby we measure all; 72 As cunning dials, by our hands, are made, To show the sun's position by the shade— Or as by depth we conjure the sublime— 75 Or as we mete eternity by time! And thus our being's joints may stoop or climb; And thus the fountains of our hearts may pour 78 Their sweet and bitter waters, evermore Bedewing Eden rose or Upas tree: But howsoever things like these may be, 81 God gave us life, and therefore should we lift Our living hands to thank him for that gift— To thank Him for the common simple powers Of breathing the warm air in summer hours, Of seeing glorious shapes in Heaven and earth, Of hearing happy sounds of love and mirth, 87 Of feeling sunshine ere the day depart, And more than all for sunshine on the heart Which hope doth draw from skies not yet in sight 90 And which departeth not by day or night. Most chiefly in thy face, bright Panope! (84-5)Of breathing summer air in a lone hour,

[103]

Whose eyes did mirror forth thine happy years—  But then I could not view THEE long—for
tears!—
* * * *
It did beseem me that my spirit was bound
With a loathed nightmare, and could make no
sound;
And wild fantastic thoughts beside it crowded,
Of mighty forms, and gestes, and faces
shrouded:
And life did touch it with palms moist and
hot—
So to entreat its speech—but it spoke not:
And earth, and air, and sea, around did come—
So to entreat its speech—but it was dumb.
Whereat its inward wrestling was revealed
Outward in tears; what time my spirit reeled
Beneath the weight of thought—and straight I
cried 105
Unto the crowned hills, and firmament wide,
Unto the ancient sun, father of days,
To hide their glorious brows and not upraise 108
The thoughts that crushed me. Straight I cried
again
Unto the warrior wind, whose arm doth strain
[ 104 ]

The shrieking pine to earth, that he would give	111
My spirit of his voice, which so might live Like to himself all chainless; and out-bear	
Power, and a mountain freedom every- where!—	114
It was not always thus. Aye and anon Th' imperceable darkness, which did brood upon	
My soul, yawnëd in twain; and one by one My starry thoughts rose up—not in a crowd To baffle me—and each did speak aloud	117
Words very strange, and mystical, and sweet, Which I could hear, and feel, tho' not repeat.	120
These were my hours of rest. The visible sky Water and earth did mingle, and so die; And visions of a new Heaven and new Earth,	123
Uncalled to by my spirit, had their birth— Wherein were sights of all fantastic things— Clouds striding the bright air; and earthly	126
springs Racing them, shouting-wise, with equal speed, Over the flashy stones that tried t' impede. Eftsoons among the trees a sound out-shuffled,	129

Like to a chime of bells by distance muffled,	
Whereat comes heathen Zephyrus, out of	
breath	132
With running up the hills, sweeping the wreath	h
Of hair from off his brow, gleesome and free,	
Thro' keeping blythe Dan Phoebus company,	135
And throws him on the earth, half in a fear,	
First glancing all about lest storms be near,	
And lays his ruddy lips close to the ground,	138
And shapes their beauty to a briskful sound;	
Calling on all the flowers, that sit below	
In hiding places from the rain and snow,	141
To loosen the hard soil, and leave their dim	
Cold idlesse, and betake them up to him.	
They straightway hear his call, and, with a	
rush,	144
Over the vales, and banks, and meadows gush	
In visible growth, leaving no nook, or wold,	
Unlit by ruby gems and sheeny gold!—	147
Anon did holier meditations press	
Out of my soul such dream of heathenesse:	
Mine eyes were purged, and straightway did I	
gird	150
Round me, the garment of my strength, and	
heard	
(147) Unsmothered by their sheeny gems and gold	
(148) Anon a holier thought did drive the Greek	

[106]

Nature's death shrieking—: the hereafter	
sound;	
When He o' the Lion voice—the Rainbow-	
crowned— Shall stand upon the see and mountains disc	153
Shall stand upon the sea and mountains dim,	
And swear by Earth, by Heaven's throne, and Him	
Who sitteth on the throne—that there shall be	156
Time for no longer. Veiled Eternity	
Shall straight unveil her awful shadowy face	
Unto the reeling worlds, and take the place	159
Of seasons, years, and ages. Aye and aye	
Shall be the time of day. The wrinkled sky	
Shall yield her silent sun, made pale and blind,	162
With an out-glaring light. The wildered wind	l,
Unchained from the poles, shall go at large	
Even as the soul of man; and, having no	
charge	165
Of cloud or ocean, with a shrieking breath	
Shall rush among the stars, and faint to death.	
Yea! the shrunk earth, shewing all lividly	168
Beneath the red tongued flame, shall shudder b	y
From out her ancient place, and leave no thing	
Of all her beauty, power, and glorying,	171
Of all her pictured temples, gorgeous halls,	
Her towerëd palaces, and city walls,	

[107]

(170) Out of her . . .

Except a name scathed with an unclean spot, Which in the air of Heaven is named not. Yet haply, by her void, the holy feet Of some redeemed Spirits may chance to meet; When memory of sin, having its birth Within them, none will murmur "here was	174 177
earth." Then will be tears, and silence,—if the blest May weep—if sainted lips, from praise, may rest!—	180
Sometimes wild memories of historic book, Which I had read with loathing, and forsook, Returned in gushings, like a gone-by strain Which now and then the wind brings back again.	183
So did I wend 'mid Time's old armouries, Where wont he to make state in kingly guise; Swords, diadems, were darkly heaped before m And tongues were muttering about pride and	186 ne
glory, What hour, the proud and glorious whitened round,— All dead, all dumb—but for the chattering sound	189
The wind sent through their bones, left by gorged worms,  (179) wonder for murmur	192

In very scorn of dusty, fleshless forms.	
Beauty to ashes! their once pride was gone:	
Ashes to beauty! as I gazed upon	195
Those bones, out stirred they from their	
mouldered shrouds,	
And stood up with a shout, in living crowds!	
Flesh did reveil them round, and straight did	
come	198
I' the hand, the lance, and on the brow, the	100
plume:	
And each glared on me with sepulchral eyes,	
And beckoned me to share his destinies.	201
I would have shared their destinies—and wept	
Mine impotent passion, for that Time still kept	
His present on my spirit, parting it	204
From all the broad and glorious past, uplit	
With noble gestes—buckling its strength	
sublime	
Unto the low souled slaves o' the modern time.	207
Such sights I saw in spirit: such day-dreams	
Came to my darkened thought—as lightening	
gleams,	
Rending the womb of darkness which did	
breed	210
The lightening. So they vanished with storm-	
speed,	

[109]

And left me cold and dark: Oft did I try To call them back to tarry with me aye; 213 But they would tarry not: oft did I yearn To view them only once on their return; But they returned not—and afar did roll 216 And left their indistinctness in my soul. Oh Dust! what time they vanished away, And left me to the torture and the clay, 219 Labour and life, man and his brother care, The real, bitter, common things that are; How did I own myself create of thee: 222 How did the pulses, which beat audibly, Turn dumb as thou—and how did I depart Home, with thy chill and silence at my heart— 225 Home, to my lonely home, my loveless home, Whence no one did demand me not to roam, Since I was loved of none! I said before Those bitter words, but speak them o'er and o'er, That I may give form palpable to woe, And wrestle, shroudless, with a shroudless foe. 231

And the 'I sat down on our household hearth,
Amid the household works, and household
mirth,
Like unto others, ne'ertheless my look,
(226-233) These lines are marked for omission.

[110]

As men would often say, was mind-forsook,
But very calm: my words appeared to range
Into deep meanings, and my smile was strange: 237
Which mood would last weeks, months, often
more long,

Unless the soft rebeck, attuned to song,
Transfused its drooping music thro' mine ears. 240
For music always made me melt in tears,
Which are the rains o' the heart, and come to
mine

243

When it hath aught of green, or summer's shine.

I write no more of this. Having out-shook
One blotted leaf forth from my spirit's book,
With a fierce burning of the heart and brow—246
I seal that book for ever. Wonderest thou?
Oh! seek not to know further! We have bound
Love unto love, and ear to ear, in sound
Of common converse, but I am not wrought
To meet thy secret thought with secret thought;
Because I have no words. When I call words
They come like moistened air on my mind's
chords,

Which thereat break: they come like Dalilahs
To part her from her strength—like shades
alwáys
255

[111]

They mock her coloured substance—they do sail	
Round her like treadless ghosts, and make her pale.	
Yea! they enshroud her with their mantle chill—	258
The Nessian mantle covering but to kill.	
Yet my vowed tale is thine: men's destinies Are wove, I know, with threads of different dyes—	261
Joy intermixed with mourning, love with death—	
Mine is all blackness—sighs come as my breath I know that men's remembrance often faints, Pleasant as perfume from the graves of saints, Over their charmed hearts—but, woe is me!	! 264
I have no good to ask of memory— I only lent her bitter things to keep; And now she doth unlock her coffers deep, With a dark smile, and answereth to my	267
prayer— "Lone Man I give thee what thou gav'st— despair."	270

There were two things on earth, that I loved well—

[112]

And one that loved me—mine own tame	
gazelle—	273
Which I had reared and nursled, which aye kept	
His speechless watch beside me while I wept,	
Or tearless toiled with thought. Crouched I	
alone	276
And very silent by the still hearth-stone,	
He left the flowers and sunshine, all to press	
Beside me with his dumb brute lovingness:	279
Or if my soul upsprung, and my fierce mood	
Forth swept me to the wild wood solitude,	
Anon you might espy his eyes' star-sheen	282
Looking out anxious thro' the branches	
green,—	
But never hear his tread: as leaf and grass	
Had vowed a dumbness where he thought to	
pass,	285
To cozen Echo—so, where glided he,	
Silence might fall in love with Company.	
One morn I sat at home. My soul was dumb	288
And deaf to natural tumult; and did come	
Strangeness about my brow, and silentness	
About my lips—and sat I motionless	291
Tongue-tied and spirit-tied, all desolate	
Beneath the poisonous Upas of my fate.	
* * * * *	

[113]

The ugly inversion of nominative and verb occurring twice in the compass of the three lines 289-91 also occurs in The Black Statue, and must be weighed among the evidences favoring her authorship of that weird poem. It is a pity that we have not the rest of this gazelle episode, which promised to have closed this first part of the poem in a striking manner. There is a good deal missing between these 293 lines and the next Part that is to be dealt with; but the next sheet we have opens with a much revised and finally rejected passage valuable as the only one in which the name of the protagonist is divulged,—identifying beyond possibility of doubt this torso with the subject of the painful interview between Mr. Barrett and his daughter recorded ante (pp. 75-77). This second part occupies a single quarto sheet. In default of some passage in one of the missing sheets, leading up to the awakening of Theon, the proper heading for the next passage and that on Ambition will be-

# THE DEVELOPMENT OF GENIUS

Part II

Theon and one who commune bore with him A light within did lead that burned not dim A wild and fervent light that did create And fix the colours of a future fate.

[114]

3

Albeit his soul had aye been passionate,

Sleepless and tempest-stricken, it would be
That some deep thoughts therein slept silently;
As trumpets rust on battle-fields, whene'er
Death, the dumb parricide, hath strangled War! 9
But now was Theon clear, in Theon now,
By conning of his brightening eye and brow
Zeal may discover how a breath had blown
These trumpets of his thought, and roused
their tone
And stirred their thousand living echoes round
Till all his soul leapt forward at the sound.

Judging from the evidence of the mangled manuscript, it is fair to assume that after the almost tragic interview between father and daughter, the humiliated but determined girl proceeded to blot the very name of her protagonist so bitterly contemned by her father. The above lines 1 and 2 are very carefully over-scribbled, as are lines 10 and 11 and a half of 12, a new text of the remainder, in eleven lines, being framed in the first person singular for a protagonist with a fresh name. The word "they" in the first of the revised lines needs the missing page before to explain it:

A wild and fervent light did they create And fix the colours of mv future fate. Albeit my soul had aye been passionate,
Sleepless and tempest-stricken, it would be
That some deep thoughts therein slept silently;
As trumpets rust on battle-fields, whene'er
Death, the dumb par[r]icide, hath strangled
War!

3

But now I knew myself: a breath had blown These trumpets of my thought, and roused their tone—

And stirred their thousand living echoes round,— Till all my soul leapt forward at the sound!

In line 8 of this recension, the word hate has been altered into had; and there is a mark between it and blown that might have been meant for a hyphen, but in neither recension does the epithet hate-blown make a perfect sentence. Nevertheless, it is by no means likely that the epithet was a mere accident, and that the incompleteness of the construction was the only reason for abandoning it. It seems to me that the lovely dutifulness of Elizabeth Barrett discerned in it the possibility that circumstances might arise in which the words a breath hate-blown might be mistaken for an allusion to that Saturday night nastiness of the master of Hope End and give him pain that she would be the last of women to inflict. But we have not sufficient material to be very clear either on the bearings of this compound epithet, or on the nature of the shadowy interlocutors in this fragment concerning ambition.

Ambition! Oh Ambition! how the soul 14 Quaffeth her poison from thy golden bowl— And purchaseth thy dreams by a death sleep— And lights her beacon on thy stormy steep— To flame and be extinguished! Oh! thou Power That art a very weakness! low and lower Unto thy worshipped throne we bow us down, And 'bout thy senseless temples bind the crown, And hold thee for our King! We do not find A spot of taint in thee; for, being blind, 23 We may not see thy blindness! being weak, We may not feel thy weakness, if we seek! Low, we mark not thy baseness! and, unwise, 26 We do not understand thine idiocies! Av! therefore, for thy sake, we put away The nature's instinct, and th' affections' stay— Sealing our lips to pleasant words—our ears To pleasant sounds—our eyes—Oh, not to tears— For their unchanged law, all flesh doth keep- 32 Man may not smile like man; but he must weep! We put away love's lamp (the natural one Lit for our use by Heaven to shine upon 35 The pulsing human heart, and human brow) That hoodwinked darkness may discover how

(29) Instincts of nature, and life's holiday-

Thy sparkles in the ashes glare and quiver,	38
Which Death's mailed feet must trample out	
for ever!	
We put away, by day, sun, air, and stream:	
We put away, by night, the downy dream:	41
And when our houses are all dumb, and rife	
Of sleep,—which is the pause 'twixt life and	
life,—	
We live, and waken on, and sleepless make	44
Our minds to labour onwards for thy sake;	
Until they sweat as Adam's brow, and tear	
The corporal garment in their wild despair!	47
Ay! matter, and the modes of matter,—spirit,	
And spirit's viewless modes, do all inherit	
The one primæval curse of hell-born sin—	50
Satanic baptism, all welter in!—	
Witness the wheeling seasons, so create	
Of what is very fair—and desolate—	53
Witness the leaves and flowers that perish soon!	
Witness the sun, that scorcheth at his noon!	
Yea! and the golden air that shapeth it	56

(41) hushy for downy

(43) Marginal note by E. B. B.—"Death called by Lucretius pausa vita."

(44) We see, live on, and waken on, and make

(46) Until they sweat and stagger, and do tear

(51) which cancelled before all

(53) O' the very fair, and very desolate

To forest-shaking blasts—or, in dumb fit,	
Doth hold its breath, and measures out the	
Plague!	

Yea! and the Heavens—whereon the tempests	
vague	59
Do clothe themselves in clouds and travel forth	
And stretch their Tityan limbs from south to	
north!	
Yea! and the Deep; who, what time storms have	
sent	62
Their trumpet note to his wild element,	
Starts like a goaded courser, foam-besprent,	
And spurns, from him, his Rider!—Yea, and	
Earth,	65
Within whose entrails secret fires have birth	
To burn and rend her till she yield a cry,	
Forerunner of her deathly agony—	68
Death, witness, who art full of fear! and, Life,	
Fuller of sorrow and who art at strife	
With Death, until thou yield thee for his prey!	71
Witness the corporal woe—"give clay to	
clay"!—	
(58) Holdeth for Doth hold	
(67-8) To burn and tear and rend her till she be	
Down struck in epileptic agony	
(70) Who art full of bitterness, and aye at strife (72) Witness the woe o' the flesh!—"clay unto clay"!—	
(/-/	

Witness the mental woe—to run to waste	
And give to sweetest waves a bitter taste!—	74
Witness the woe of genius!—It doth cling	
Close to her as the Centaur's garmenting	
And while it covers kills!—cursing ambition!—	77
Sin hath outsent thee on a fiery mission—	
To scathe the noble and the strong, and mate	
All earth's Alcidæ to Alcides' fate!—	80

Andros, upon the record of whose soul
May be a meditation,—did unroll
That silent parchment which from nature
came;

And read what nature writ in fire . . thy name.
Fools! fools! they did rejoice thereon, and press
Thy golden urn amid life's wilderness,
Unheeding what a secret there was hid
In dust and ashes underneath the lid.
I know he did rejoice . . I know and feel
Etherial visions o'er his soul did wheel—
They did revolve, one to the past, and said
Unto the vaults of Time . . "Give up thy
dead—

92

83

Because that they are deathless, and may shew The way whereby my feet to life may go."

[120]

<sup>(73)</sup> woe o' the heart for mental woe

<sup>(77)</sup> And covers while it kills

<sup>(79)</sup> shroud for scathe

They said unto the present "I am thine"—

I said unto the future . . "Thou art mine!—

My name shall be upon thee—and when rust

Consumes my harp strings, and the tomb my

dust,

98

Men's hands shall glorify that charnel's damp, With deathless laurel and a quenchless lamp."

The third part is written on two sheets and a half of quarto paper, ten pages, showing a considerable amount of revision. It was on this part that the poet drew for the main substance of *The Poets' Enchiridion*.

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF GENIUS

### PART III

A dream was on my soul. It seemed to be That silence fled me as mine enemy:
That all sounds, in a conclave wild and drear,
Were gathered in the chambers of mine ear
To agonize its sense—that I could hear
The grasses sprouting up,—the leaves downfalling—

The floating of the clouds—the sunlight palling—

The dropping dews—the multitudinous wings

[121]

6

Of birds and insects—the deep rush of springs	9
Fathoms beneath the sea—the blind mole	
creeping	
Thro' earth with sooty hide—the gumtree	
weeping	
Sweet smells: the cracking of worn cerement	12
In distant graves whose dust with dust is blent:	
Mine own hair's growth—mine own blood	
pulsing free—	
Yea! and their thousand echoes—sensibly	15
As you may hear my speaking voice. Their	
sound	
Concentered not in one crash; nor was drowned	
The less tone in the greater: but, around,	18
Each, with its separate curious torture broke,	
Till Discord cracked mine ear—Whereat I	
woke.	
I thought that were my mental organs clear	21
From deafening clouds, as that my dreaming	
ear;	
And intellectual sounds were audible	
As those of matter, by some cunning spell;	24
If I could hear the thousand wheels that roll,	
Urging and urged, within a single soul;	
The wheels in wheels of love, hate, hope, and	
dread—	27
(19) discord for torture	

All turned to motion by one weight of lead; All singing, creaking, trembling, whirling round——	
Thunder seems silence to th' imagined sound!	30
Far more if on my spirit's ear could be	
The roaring of the vast machinery	
Of those unnumbered souls who think and feel,—	33
How should I shrink beneath that crashing peal!	
How mine immortal mind aghast, opprest,	
Would covet even mortality for rest!	36
Show us the soul!—insatiate readers cry—	
Behold the soul!—indulgent bards reply!—	
And straight, unpluming inspiration's wing,	39
Defile their musings with the filthy thing!	
The base and noble form its depth and length-	-
The slavelike weakness, and the godlike	
strength.	42
Feeling for sorrow: reasoning for abuse:	
And all of Heaven that Hell can turn to use!	
Bring love that interest may not need a gull—	45
Bring zeal that Hatred's blade may wax not	
dull—	

Social desires . . that drunken fumes may blind:

Clingings to solitude . . to vex our kind:

Moral observance: 't will suffice, tho' small,

To make us scorn and trample those who fall:

Devotion—superstition grows thereby:

Courage—to break the laws of God, and die:

Discernment—that no neighbour's fault escape:

Candour—that envy may assume its shape:

Prudence . . for avarice: friendship, for its

change:

57

60

Hope, for ambition: memory, for revenge: Bring noble dreams, t' embitter actual life; Yea bring all virtue, that all vice be rife! Till matter's debt in spirit's coin be paid—And every radiant light enforce a shade!—

If man were Eden man: and did not bear
On Archangelic brow, Sin's thunderscar:
If soul of man were now as erst; when He
Who turned the starry Heaven to harmony,
Attuned it first, and charmed seraphic ears:
Or ere the charnel damps of mortal tears
From darkness and from foul corruption bred,
Had marred its beauty—and encompassëd—
Oh then might deathless bards enraptured sing
The soul of man—and move their sweetest
string!—

But now—alas, the soul! it is not found In aught, accordant with melodious sound. Confused, composed of jarring contraries— Vexed into motion by a strife of lies—	72
It lifts no beauty to the poet's view;	75
It breathes no music for his lips to woo:	
And "out of tune and harsh," how ill agree,	
With moral discord, verbal harmony!—	78
On some poetic scrolls, are brought, nathless, The ruined soul—is stamped its rough impress—	
So mixed its low and lofty energies,	81
That vice on virtue's breast, familiar, lies—	
Till virtue sickens at the breath of Vice!	
Sin made us mortal once; but makes our song	84
Immortal, to repair that primal wrong:	
Must we not think so if we bring to light	
Our naked sins, and blush not at the sight?	87
Why veil our malice? To be free from gall,	
Were tame. Our weakness? It is natural.	
Falseness is picturesque: and any crime,	90
(84-5) and now our song She makes immortal, to repair the wrong: (86) At least we think so—for (87) Our naked hearts, and cower not at the sight, (88) their for our (89) their for our	
(90) Our insolence, too, picturesque: our crime	

[125]

Provided it be flagrant, is sublime!	93
Our hate of man?—thus lofty men aspire.	
Our lawless passion? 't is poetic fire!—	
Such fires poetic cast infernal light—	
And Demons sympathize while poets write!—	

Alas! Alas! thy costly merchandise,
Thy gold and silver, pearls and purple dyes!
Thy vests of righteousness—thine odours
wrought
From saintly moods—the chariots of thy

99

m saintly moods—the charlots of thy thought—

Are so great riches perished into nought.

Behold, corruption's waves do sweep and sound

Above thee, and thy pomp no more is found! 102

No more at all in thee, the harper's voice

And piper's pipe may make exulting noise:

No more at all in thee, may sounds awake 105

Of crafts at work in truth's [sic] for truth's own sake:

No more at all, within thy courts, we see
The shadeless torch of Truth: with jubilee
We hear the bridegroom's song, no more at all
in thee!

(92) And and Their for Our

(93) Their for Our

But not from cause like this, let poets shun	
For other themes, the soul, the noblest one.	111
Albeit its glory boweth to the chain,	
No other themes with less of scathe remain.	
Leave ye the soul for nature's plastic whole?	114
And what? is nature purer than the soul?	
Ask earth—ask ocean—ask the pensile sky—	
Plagues, tempests, thunders, mutter in reply—	117
And teach you, while your eyes their secrets	
scan,	
If man be changed, that Eden changed with	
man!	
Ye—Ye—whose deeply passioned minds have	
wrought	120
A throne for nature out of golden thought	
Because the meadows, populous with trees	
And grass and flowers, make gossip for the	
bees—	123
Because bland seasons lay their votive wreath	
Upon the mountain altars—while beneath	
The tired ocean turneth unto sleep,	126
Muttering of storms amid his slumbers deep!	
(110) But not from this { let mighty poets } poetry shun	
(111) lower for other (120-1) Oh ye! who in your lonely wanderings, Accord soft instruments with golden strings,	
(125) tops for altars (127) Breathing and muttering midst his slumbers deep!	
(//	

Lay not your harp where rust will fret its	
strings!  Dream not your pleasant dreams of passing	
things—	129
The vernal leaves, which drop off one by one— The honeyed bees, which perish with the sun—	
The summer breath, which bloweth and is	
done!—	132
The colored flowers, which have no colour long—	
The midnight bird which dyeth in his song—	
The cloudless welkin, which the clouds must	
And the calm ocean, which the winds sweep	135
over!	
I oft have walked abroad in our fair world	
When every little leaf was fresh unfurled	138
So fair the summer—when the sunshine broad	
Was stretched from hill to hill o'er glen and sward	
Turning, like Midas, all it touched, to gold.	141
I oft have seen the ocean's scroll unrolled	141
(130) Of the green leaves (134) The quaint bird, which is silenced in its song— (136) And the dumb ocean	
(140) Reigned o'er the forest deep, and flowery sward (142) And I for I oft	
F07	

Whereon is written "Time"—the woods around	d
Shewing their leafy glories with a sound!—	144
Oh lofty bards! is this your noblest aim,	
That flowing verse extinguish moral shame?	
That, near corruption's idol, ye may stir	147
Soft sounds of lute, harp, sackbut, dulcimer,	
And stringed psaltery's enchanting close,	
To cozen kneeling fools, or flatter those	150
Who knelt before ye sounded—for, with some,	
The calf were worshipped, were the music	
dumb!	
Poëta nascitur, non fit"—Alas!	153
What was he born with? With a front of	
brass?—	
Thus in his deathless volumes to intrude	
Thoughts which, if ripened into action, would,	156
For ever trample those who stood the strongest,	
For ever sunder those who loved the longest—	
Make earth a desolation—Heaven no end	159
Attainable by man—and Hell extend	
Her walls, uncounted myriads to embrace—	
Till one dark sulphur glare pervaded space!	162
Oh Bards! on purer themes your harps	
engage!—	
For all that stains the life, deforms the page!—	

[129]

(164) All that would stain

We bar you not from such deep thoughts as roll	165
In meditation on the conscious soul—	100
The pale-browed muse would pause on fainting	)•
wing	,
And perish, pining for that sealed spring!—	168
Go meditate the soul: but strive to see	
Not what it is, but what it ought to be!—	
What erst it was,—in Eden's shade; where	
even	171
Celestials walked, and scarcely sighed for	
Heaven!	
What still it shall be: when these clouds of clay	
Rent by the fierce death-lightening, break	
away—	174
And man doth face his God,—to God allied—	
Of God and Man redeemed—the purified!—	
Thus meditate the soul: as one who stands	177
With classic spirit on those sacred lands,	
Greece or Hesperia; Earth's immortals,—nigh	
A ruined statue: and with kindling eye	180
And thrilling sense, o'erlooks the ages-stain,	
To view the stainless parts that yet remain:	
Untill his Fancy, brooding o'er the rack,	183
Doth charm with Orphean thoughts, the glory	
back;	
(166) For aye, With power, You transling for fainting	
(167) trembling for fainting	
7 2007	

[130]

And views enraptured, won from iron Time, The perfect whole—unbroken and sublime! 186

And if your contemplative organs tire
Of spotless spirit, as the eye, of fire;
If to your theme, perforce, corruption cling,— 189
Speak out Sin's name, when speaking of the
thing:

Speak out Sin's curse, when speaking out it's name:

And speak that cursing with a hate and shame! 192
Stand afar off, and weep! as they who kept
A watch on ruined Babylon, and wept,
In Apolyptic vision: weep and cry—

"How art thou fallen, oh Soul, that erst wert
high!"

But as I looked, I sighed, and ever thought
That all this pride was out of ruin wrought!
The very blossoms, which today are ours,
Spring from the ashes of the last year's flowers!
The very grass, which cloaks our hills in
mirth,
201

Is but the green shroud of an ancient earth, Upon whose grave we tread! The highcrowned sun

(189) the for your

(199) For see, and For lo! for The very

(201) The grass, which seems to cloak

[131]

Who shines so royally on us, hath shone	204
On some who unto darkness bent their way!	
Ay me! that thus, when I would gladly stay	
Within the house of Beauty, her lamp lit	207
Should shew how <i>Change</i> upon the hearth	
doth sit	
An unforbidden guest! With faultering breath,	
I question "What is life?" She answers	
Death!	210
Turn therefore from exclusive dreams of these	
Insensate objects, to the eye that sees,	
The ear that hears, their form and music!—	
Go,	213
Confront this beautiful and air hung show	
Of woods and booming waters, mountain, dale, The which are God's creation, tho' made	
frail—	216
With God's vivific breath—the deathless soul,	
The master, albeit prisoner of the whole!—	
(206) Ay me! Ay me! when we (208) Shews me how Change	
(209–10) This couplet is a condensed version of four lines: An unforbidden guest: Whene'er I stand	
Thus, in the strength of man, as midst the land,	
My lips ask "What is life?"—with faultering breath,	
And all the sensual things do answer Death! (214) See this majestical and air hung show	
(217) With tints that breathe of God	

Who views the grossness of the things that be,
And doth constrain them with an Alchemy,
To uses spiritual!—Ye will find
That matter giveth action unto mind,
By giving varied forms and surfaces,
Whereon her proper modes may stamp th'
impress—
That Beauty, Grandeur, are not properties
Indwelling in the water, earth and skies,
But mental operations: by the might
Of mind produced—as colours by the light!

228

This Third Part is written on the same paper as the First and Second Parts, and line 195 is the last line in a page, while line 196 is the first line in another page. I am not sure whether anything is missing between those two lines; for the pages are unnumbered and the numeration of lines is merely editorial,—for the sake of reference. The sense of structure throughout the work is not so strong as to convince me that some missing passages would have strengthened it here: hence the existence of such passages must not be assumed.

On the 1st of May 1832, her dead mother's birth-

<sup>(222)</sup> to the for unto

<sup>(224)</sup> Whereon she may in proper modes impress the forms her proper modes impress

day, Elizabeth Barrett had a unique stock-taking of what the years at Hope End had brought to her in one department of her learning. The friendship with her learned friend Boyd was at its height and there was much reading and reciting of Greek between them. This stock-taking related to the amount of Greek stored in that wonderful mind of hers ready for consultation independently of books. On that (to her) sacred day she set out the account in an orderly and precise manner, cast up the total of prose, the total of verse, and the grand total, as follows, and left the sheet for posterity to be amazed at.—

### NUMBER OF LINES WHICH I CAN REPEAT

Greek Prose.	Septuagint – –	30
	Greek Testament —	120
	Gregory Nazianzen —	1860
	Basil	460
	Chrysostom — —	640
	Gregory Nyssen —	15
	Methodius — —	35
	Heliodorus — — —	30
	A few passages of )	3
	Heathen writers (	90
	Total of Greek Prose	3280
	Total of Greek 1 lose	3200
	T1347	

Greek verse.	Poems of Greg. Naz.	~~	156
	Hymns of Synesius		1310
	Homer		330
	Æschylus		1800
	Sophocles		130
	Euripides		350
	Pindar		90
	Meleager	_	33
	Bion	_	91
	Moschus		120
	Poem in Life of Ploti	nus	IO
	Total of Greek verse		4720
	Total of Ofeck verse		4720
	Total of Greek		8000

I cannot repeat many hundred lines in one consecutive series. The longest passage of prose which I can repeat is 322 lines, each containing about sixteen syllables. The next longest is about 300 lines. The longest passage of verse 270 lines. The next longest is 216 lines.

May 1st 1832-

The miscast by which she magnified her store of Greek poetry by three hundred lines need not detain us. We all know that she was utterly incapable of "intent to deceive;" and the question as

between 8000 lines and 7700 is of no consequence. The stock-taking account is on a single quarto leaf of "Bath post" paper.

Prominent among the excitements of the final years at Hope End was the Reform Bill of 1832, a very welcome measure to the local politicians of the liberal persuasion. Elizabeth Barrett and Hugh Stuart Boyd had evidently exchanged views on the subject of that great measure, associated with the name of King William IV.; for among the papers acquired by Mr. Harper is a quarto leaf of white "Bath post" paper, bearing a few lines of verse in (but not of) her writing, headed The Reform Bill and initialed-still by her-"H. S. B." The inference is that she had been over to Malvern while the bill, so nearly wrecked by the vacillation of William IV., was in the final stages of its struggle,—when Lord Grev's ministry had resigned, been recalled, and at length obtained the King's promise to create, if necessary, enough new peers to carry the measure through the House of Lords, and that the poetess and her blind friend diversified their readings of Greek by a performance on the lyre—in which he was the singer and she the audience. There is no reason why the jocular joy of Boyd should not have extolled a little extravagantly the monarch from whom the historic popular reform had been wrung; for then, as now, no measure could become the law of England until made so by the royal sanction. Here is the poor little bit of verse. The hand is the hand of the sweet Laureate of Hope End, now aged 26; the voice is the voice—not of Jacob, but of Hugh Stuart Boyd, the blind, bowed, well-nigh bald scholar of almost twice her age, whom Browning has so graphically described as sitting all day at a table uttering Greek poetry and beating time with his hands on the jury keyboard.

#### THE REFORM BILL

What is the bill?—It is a nation's draft Upon the sacred bank of liberty.

What is the bill?... A bill, which "fore and aft" Hews down the branches of corruption's tree.

What is the bill?—A thing which stirs the bile In bill--ious natures; makes their Bill . . . ingsgate

Flow forth in torrents: with a ghastly smile
They ope their magpie-bills, and idly prate.
What is the bill?—Our joy. One Bill alone
Is greater;—and we find it on the throne.

When in the year 1887 a biographer of this loyal friend and obliging amanuensis had misdescribed

9

Boyd as a man whose "tutorial assistance" had been obtained by Mr. Barrett for his daughter, and as a writer of fluent verse, Robert Browning wrote (somewhat petulantly for so great and large-souled a poet),—"Mr. Boyd was no writer of fluent verse." Well, if the question hung upon this sample of poor Boyd's style, the reader would certainly agree with the author of *The Ring and the Book*.

It is curious that this sorry little bit of fooling should form a material link between Hope End and Sidmouth. In the autumn following the passage of the Reform Bill, Mr. Barrett, having sold the lovely home at Hope End, moved his family to the beautiful little South Devon town of Sidmouth -beautiful, not for architecture, of course, but in virtue of its situation. The Paterfamilias himself went from Hope End to London for a while, with his eldest son and his voungest but one; but the three girls and the other "little ones" journeyed by carriage through Somerset to their destination in Devon. As disclosed in a charming letter to Mrs. Martin, they were accompanied by our old friend "poor dear Bummy." Elizabeth seems to have settled down steadily and quickly to those literary occupations which were her passion; and it may be assumed that a curious poem of some little importance was among her early Sidmouth doings. The

paper and writing are as nearly as possible identical with that of Boyd's Reform Bill; indeed the paper might be the other half of the quarto sheet on which that was written; for, incredible as it may sound, the whole of its thirty-one quatrains, beautifully written in the mature hand of the poet, occupy but the two sides of the quarto leaf, being written in four columns, two on each page. It is not by any means a good poem for her; but there are qualities in it that are notable—a feeling for the supernatural and magical, and a power of vivid expression indicating a great advance, for example, from the power displayed in The Black Statue. Clearly the mental and physical turmoil of leaving her loved abiding-place among the Malvern Hills, jolting over to the Devonshire coast, and settling her sisters, her little brothers, and "poor dear Bummy" in the new surroundings, might suffice to make her dream horribly from time to time; for that she did have an awful dream there is beyond all question. The poem recording the same is called A True Dream-dreamed at Sidmouth, 1833. It is all about practising "the magic art" without any "evil intent," but with sufficiently horrible consequences; but it is superfluous to insert it here, as it was widely circulated not long since in a popular

and reputable magazine, The Cornhill, whether from a draft, or from a copy of Mr. Harper's manuscript, is not apparent. Whether this extraordinary production had or had not been submitted to Mr. Barrett as a candidate for publication in the next volume of verse, certain it is that there was enough ready without it. By the end of the year 1832 the early version of the Prometheus Bound of Æschvlus, which the poet admits having executed in twelve days, had been produced in manuscript, together with the preface; Mr. Barrett had expressed his intention of approaching Valpy in regard to its publication; and he had advised his daughter to decline an offer of Mrs. Martin's to obtain the opinion of Archbishop Whately on the translation. The ground of this paternal advice was reasonable, viz: that an adverse opinion might lead to a controversy, and undue trouble to his Grace! Valpy published the book in the following year; and meantime the Boyds had moved to Sidmouth and were living within five minutes' walk of the Barretts. Boyd, no doubt, was consulted; and here is a poem about the translation almost certainly addressed to him, and hitherto unpublished.—

## [STANZAS ADDRESSED TO HUGH STUART BOYD WITH A TRANSLATION OF THE "PROMETHEUS BOUND" OF ÆSCHYLUS]

- I] To thee, acquaint with each
  Divinest song the Attic muses bring
  In golden urns from out that ancient spring
  Of their own charmed speech,
  How dark and dank this water will beseem
  Among whose trembling reeds
  A pale thin echo feeds
  Upon the distant tune of fairer stream.
- To thee, who knowest well
  That Pan the shepherd god (a god no less,
  For being shepherd) feared his lip to press
  On Bion's shepherd shell;
  How will this lip of mine seem strangely
  bold,
  Which mortal breath hath sent
  On nobler instrument
  Than Bion's shepherd hand could ever hold!
- III] To thee, whose soul hath found
  A place beside the Greek poetic flame

Until its glory casteth on thy name,
Light not unseen around;
How bold this hand will seem, to bear a spark
(Forewarned, forewarned in vain
By all Prometheus' pain!)
In mortal ferula to places dark!

Yet Friendship's brow hath light,
And Friendship's voice, a tune!—and she
shall stand
Where else, perchance, would fall thy critic
brand,
Where else would meet thy sight,
The water dark—the shell of melody
Thine impious hands profane—
The ferule rashly ta'en—
And she shall say—"Look not on them,
but me."

This form might be called the Sidmouth stanza: it will be noticed that it is used again in the next poem to be given,—written on the fly-leaf of a copy of the Olney Hymns of Cowper, published by that Duncan who had published An Essay on Mind.

TO MARY HUNTER, ON HER BIRTHDAY, SEPT. 11, 1833. FROM HER AFFECTIONATE E. B. B.

The hollow places of this mortal way
Where cold and Parian stones do overlay
The dwellings of the dead—
How many songs we sing of joy and woe,
Of hope, which changeth soon
To mem'ry's mournful tune,
And love . . too high a note for voices low.

Are bright with prayers! Whose ear hath
ever hung
On Genius speaking Faith's unearthly tongue,
May every song of thine
Be like these Olney songs!—that if they fall
In mirth or woe from thee,
Still Jesus' name may be
In each, to give a sweetness to them all!

It is curious to note that, when the *Prometheus* volume came out, *The Athenæum* folk treated it so brusquely that their subsequent dealings with the translator must at that time have been to her unimaginable. Never taking the trouble to look at the Miscellaneous Poems, the editor, on the 8th of June 1833, vouchsafed the following review:—

### THE PROMETHEUS BOUND; AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

"Touch the Hospitaller's shield; he has the least sure seat,—he is your cheapest bargain;"—was the good counsel given by the people at Ashby to Ivanhoe. With the same considerate feeling we advise those who adventure in the hazardous lists of poetic translation to touch anyone rather than Æschylus; and they may take warning by the author before us.

It is not to be supposed that this midsummer snub had the effect of discouraging aims so serious as Elizabeth Barrett's: one may imagine without being called fantastic that she got out her "Song," her "Ancient Song," again, to see if there was not something there that would command a hearing, and that she drew from its abounding wealth of couplets an inspiration for that notable study in blank verse called *The Student*, which may properly be placed in the Sidmouth period in virtue of the fact that the Hunter-Barrett-Browning papers included a version of it so much longer, and differing in so many respects from the version ultimately printed with *The Seraphim*, that the best way to deal with it is to print it in full at this point:

<sup>1</sup> Compare it with the passage about Ambition in Part II of *The Development of Genius, ante,* page 117.

<sup>2</sup> These came to light in 1904 and were acquired by Messrs. Henry Sotheran & Co. of 43 Piccadilly, from whom I bought them. Ep.

#### THE STUDENT

"My midnight lamp is weary as my soul,
And being unimmortal, has gone out.
And now alone you moony lamp of heaven,
Which God lit and not man, illuminates
These volumes, others wrote in weariness
As I have read them; and this haggard brow
Pale with long vigils and thought's frequent
strife,
Where pollidness would make an angel smile

Whose pallidness would make an angel smile (Could angels smile on earth!—) to see how ill 9 Clay thrust from paradise, consorts with mind.

"Yet, must my brow be paler! I have vowed
T' enwreathe it with the bay which cannot fade 12
When it is faded. Not in vain ye cry,
O glorious voices that survive the tongue
From whence the being of your tone ye drew—
I would be with you, like you. I would melt
The golden treasures of my health and life
Into a name. My lips are vowed apart
From pleasant words; from pleasant sounds
mine ears,
Mineral form health and for

Mine eyes, from beauty—not from tears; for they

Can flow well in thought's channel; and albeit 21 Man smile not like his fellow, he *must weep*.

Vowed am I from the day's delightsomeness,	
From dreams of night! and when the house is	
dumb	24
In sleep, which is the pause 'twixt life and life,	
I live and waken thus; and pluck away	
Slumber's sweet poppies from my drowsy lids,	27
And goad my mind, with thongs herself hath	
made,	
In toil and labour thro' this upward path,	
Until she sweat as Adam's brow, and rend	30
In agony, her garment of the flesh!"	

And so his midnight lamp was lit anew, And burned till morning. But his lamp of life 33 Till morning burned not! He was found embraced Close, cold, and stiff, by Death's compelling sleep; His breast and brow supported on a page 36 Charactered over with a praise of fame, Of her divineness and beatitude— Words which had often caused that heart to throb, 39 That cheek to burn; though silent lay they now,

Without a single beating in the pulse, And all the fever gone!

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I saw a bay	42
Spring with green branches from a new-made grave:	
Yet greener was the grass upon the grave	
For that was watered by tear-dropping eyes	45
Who never on the tree could bear to look.	
Others looked on it—some, with transient glance,	
Some with cold gaze, and some with curious	
stare,	48
And some, with sudden lighting of the soul	
In admiration's extasy: and some	
Did wag their heads like critics, and go by.	51
But none remembered the poor wasted heart	
From whence it grew,—except the mourning one	
Whose sight was lost in tears!—	
Oft is it thus,	54
Ambition, idol of the soul. We quaff	
A blood-red poison, from thy golden cup,	
And buy thy visions by a deathly sleep	57
And light a beacon on thy stormy rock,	
To flame, and be extinguished, worshipped Power	
That art a very feebleness! We bow	60
Before thy clayey feet our knees of clay,	

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And 'bout thy senseless temples bind the crown,
And hold thee for our God. We cannot view 63
A spot of taint in thee: for being blind
We cannot see thy blindness—being weak,
We cannot feel thy weakness—being low, 66
We cannot mark thy baseness—and unwise,
We cannot understand thine idiocy.
Oh mind—sublime, aspiring, deathless mind!— 69
Give out thine inward oracle—reply—
Is there no God but this?

Whenever it may have been that the manuscript came into the hands of the Rev. George Barrett Hunter, it is certain that he and his daughter Mary ("the Little Friend") counted for a good deal in the life of the poet at Sidmouth. Among the papers dispersed in 1913 were some containing notes from the sermons which she heard him deliver extempore at the Independent Chapel in that town; and the Hunter papers themselves included a holograph version of The Little Friend, so much longer than the printed version, and so different from it textually, that it is best to give it here in full. It is a quarto sheet written on three sides with three lines on the fourth, and is endorsed "To Mary. | Feb. 28th. Sidmouth." The year is doubtful

### TO MARY WRITTEN IN THE BOOK SHE MADE HERSELF, AND GAVE ME

- I] The book thou givest, dear as such,
  Shall bear thy dearest name:
  And many a thought the leaves shall touch,
  Of thee who formd'st the same—
- II] And on them, many a thought shall grow 'Neath memory's rain and sun,
  Of thee, glad child, who dost not know
  That thought and pain are one!
- III] Ay! thoughts of thee, who satest oft,
  A while since, at my side—
  So wild to tame,—to move so soft,
  So very hard to chide:
- IV] The childish vision at the heart—The lesson on the knee;The wandering looks which would depart Like gulls, across the sea!
- v] The laughter, which no half-belief
  In wrath could all suppress;
  The falling tears, which looked like grief,
  And were but tenderness:

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- VI] The deerlike steps, which sprang along,
  And meant to walk, I ween—
  The birdlike voice, which uttered song,
  If leaves were sere or green:
- VII] The sportive speech with wisdom in 't—
  The question strange and bold—
  The childish fingers in the print
  Of God's creative hold.
- VIII] The fancies sent, for bliss, abroad,
  As Eden's were not done—
  Mistaking still the cherub's sword
  For shining of the sun!
  - IX] The wanderings, hill and field about
    Untouched by Memory's taint!
    The gathering summer flowers, without
    A moral sad and quaint!—
    - X] The praying words in whispers said, The sin with sobs confest;The leaning of the young meek head Upon the Saviour's breast!
  - XI] The gentle consciousness of praise
    With hues that went and came;
    The brighter blush, a word could raise,
    Were that—a father's name!

- XII] The shadow on thy smile for each
  That on his face could fall!
  So quick hath love been, thee to teach,
  What soon it teacheth all.
- XIII] And oh: the many lights which brake, Across thy forehead driven! When that dear earthly father spake Of one who lives in heaven:
- XIV] And he.. tho' speaking 'mid the crowd;
  More precious to his heart,
  Than thousand plaudits deep and loud,
  Those silent lips apart!
- xv] Sit down, beloved, at his feet:

  The future days are dim.

  Yet still the vision seems most sweet,

  That brings thee nearest him—
- XVI] Sit at his feet in quiet mirth,
  And let him see arise
  A clearer sun and happier earth
  Within thy loving eyes!—
- XVII] Ah loving eyes! that used to lift
  Their childhood to my face—
  And leave a brightness on the gift
  I look on, in their place—

XVIII] So strong in trusting hope and love—
That have not watched a day,
To see a single sun above
Go downward to decay!—

XIX] May bright-eyed hosts their guardians be From heaviness and tears!

And eyes no longer turned on me,
Behold delightsome years!—

The same collection disclosed on a single quarto leaf that the tender little poem called *The Sea-Mew* was written for Mary. The holograph differs but little from the printed version: line 4 reads *A stain of shade* for *A forward shade*; and the last two lines are—

Our human touch did o'er him pass, And with our touch our destiny!

In the printed version o'er was changed to on and destiny to agony. These are very artistic changes.

Those who are learned about first editions of

Those who are learned about first editions of E. B. B., and textual variations, will have noted that the poem now known simply as A Song against Singing—to E. J. H. was headed in the 1838 volume thus—

# A SONG AGAINST SINGING TO MY DEAR LITTLE COUSIN ELIZABETH JANE H——

The Rev. George Barrett Hunter has been good enough to pencil in the rest of this patronymic, to-wit "Hedley."

In the winter of 1834 Mrs. Boyd died; and Boyd and his daughter (Annie) left Sidmouth, whence his faithful poet-friend was writing to him in the spring of 1835. By the following autumn the Barretts, having also left Sidmouth, were residing in London. They lived for a time at 74 Gloucester Place, and afterwards at a house which Mr. Barrett bought in Wimpole Street, No. 50. The Boyds had settled at the neighbouring suburb of St. John's Wood, where Boyd appears to have taken an opportunity of making to Mr. Barrett some uncomplimentary remarks about his daughter's stanzas on the death of Mrs. Hemans-not a very notable lyric—remarks taken, of course, in good part when repeated to the poetess who had elegized a lesser poetess, in these stanzas addressed to a still lesser poetess, L. E. L. A manuscript of that poem among the Hunter-Browning papers was initialed and dated "E. B. B. Nov. 7th 1835" (the date not written by her), and headed—

### STANZAS ADDRESSED TO MISS LANDON SUGGESTED BY HER "STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HEMANS"

The last two lines of the first stanza have a different movement from the corresponding lines as afterwards printed. What she wrote in November 1835 was—

Dropping o'er the tranquil eyes, Tears not of their shedding!—

What she printed in 1838 was—

Dropping above the tranquil eyes
The tears not of their shedding!

In stanza II the MS. reads-

No flowers for her!—Oh bring no flowers—

but she altered this in printing to—

No flowers for her! no need of flowers—

There are a few other slight variations; but the best change made in printing was in the last two lines—

The footsteps of her parting soul Were softer than her singing!

[154]

in which footfall was substituted for footsteps and Is for Were. Moreover the lovely motto from Habington, not in the MS., was added on publication:

Nor grieve the christall streame so soone did fall Into the ocean;—since she perfumed all The banks she past.

When the poem was reprinted in the two-volume edition of 1850, prepared by the poet herself, Habington's lines were abandoned; and, as far as I know, they have not been restored to their place. We must of course bow to her own decision; but I, for one, should like to restore them, and brave the charge of disobedience to an implied instruction.

Another of the compositions associable with her happy life at Sidmouth through a holograph manuscript in the Hunter collection is the following—

#### SONG

I] Is 't loving, to list to the night guitar,
And praise the serenading;
Yet think of nought when the minstrel 's far,
But of beauty and of braiding?

[155]

Is 't loving, to bask 'neath tender eyes—
'Neath others, on their removing,—
And join new vows to old perjuries?
Ah no! this is not loving!—

Unless you can think when the song is done,
No other 's worth the pondering—
Unless you can feel when the minstrel 's gone,
Thine heart with him is wandering—
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
Thro' months and years of roving—
Unless you can die when the dream is past—
Ah no! this is not loving!—

Early in 1836 she was contributing much more characteristic poems to the columns of The Athenœum; and by July she had so far vanquished that paper that it gave an honourable place to a bright prose essay of hers called A Thought on Thoughts, which she is said to have intended for The New Monthly Magazine. Presumably it did not suit Bulwer's successor, Theodore Hook, but that it suited Dilke is evident from the booming "displayed head" under which it appeared. I "discovered" it some twenty or thirty years ago; and it is certainly worth gathering in for this present collection:—

### ORIGINAL PAPERS

### A THOUGHT ON THOUGHTS

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'AN ESSAY ON THE [sic] MIND,' 'PROMETHEUS BOUND,' &c., &c.

In order to the comprehension of any sentence in this paper, it is unfortunately necessary for me to introduce to the reader's attention certain ancient acquaintances of my family. I allude to the ignoble house of the Words, lineal descendants of the Alphabet, and near connexions of the Syllables.

How sweet the words of truth, breathed from the lips of Love!

Sweet, but not too frequent: there are words besides, both bitter and false. There are harsh words that "speak daggers," and smooth words that "use" them; laboured words, whom you recognize as "verba magistri," and careless words, who cudgel your heart more than any master could; first words, hard to articulate, and last words, harder to forget. I cannot number "the multitude of words." Save me from hasty words; they are a murderous tribe: I know some words that are kind and true, but when

they come to your ear, they drive away their kindred from your lips, and their very memory makes you wordless. Among the words is much of "the hidden soul of harmony," often so well hidden, that it cannot be found; so well hidden, that of all wars, the most interminable is the "war of words." The foundation of most philosophical contentions is a verbal disagreement; and of most personal coldnesses, a verbal mistake. Contend about a truth, and you may shake hands afterwards; but differ about a word, and you have a foe for life. Gray witnesses to the fiery temperament of words by his "words that burn;" and Horace, to the fortunes of their war, "verba cadunt," as Homer, of old, to their cowardly tendencies, by his "έπεα πτεροεντα" -winged words, being a delicate form of expression for words running away as fast as they can. They are mischief-makers in an intense meaning. You might give days of your life for "a few words" with your dearest absent friend, vet they could not pass between you without your quarrelling. Virgil conjoins them to his idea of a poisoned goblet, "non innoxia verba." 1 "Nothing

<sup>1</sup> Ladies of thirty fearless enough to admit familiarity with the passage in the Third Georgic (l. 283) where these words occur must have been very rare in those days:—

Hippomanes, quod saepe malae legere novercae, Miscueruntque herbas, et non innoxia verba. but words" is a bad character of a friendly intercourse; and a "wordy writer" means no good of him. Byron's "Away with words," expressed his opinion of their inutility; but Shakespeare made a serious attack upon their moral reputation in asserting that "words pay no debts." He certainly ought to have remembered that "words cost nothing." I believe I have said enough on this part of my subject: "a word to the wise," "verbum sat." [sic]. I need not quote Erasmus's "Copia verborum."

In ancient days the Words held proud communion with the Thoughts, who led them to the high places of the earth, and wreathed their brows with amaranth. In modern times I would be just in my acknowledgments; when several of the Thoughts were falling fast into poverty, the Words came benevolently to their help, and threw around them their own "silk taffeta;" in return for which compassion they did however exact so servile an attention and general a precedence, that the Thoughts, who are of kingly blood, could bear it no longer: and thus, a coldness having arisen between the Thoughts and Words, no well-bred person ventures to invite them to the same hearthstone.

I will now revert to our own family, and will name, as one of its heads, Philosophical Thought, a lordly personage, of retired habits and eccentric

disposition. He is full of noble caprices. He is the loving associate of high abstractions; and then, turning on his heel, denies their very existence. He builds up a golden shrine for Truth, and then pelts it with "native mud." He conquers some kingdom of intellectual glory, and then crowns himself with straws. The loss of Eden has touched his brain. He calls the moon—the sun: he taught Thales, as the world's first principle, to look at water, and Anaximenes at air, and Heraclitus at fire, and Anaxagoras at similitude, and Anaximander at infinity, and Pythagoras at number; and then he laid his face upon the earth, and wept that all were wrong. His wisest admission was, "I know that I know not." And likest is he to his own Plato's το ον, which (see the 'Parmenides') "is the same with, and different from itself."

Scientific Thought is shrewd and caustic, and very particularly sensible. He never does a foolish thing, except when he discusses a balloon. He has done a great deal of good in his time; and, to tell a secret, he takes a great deal of time to do good. He has meddled with all the wheel, and steam, and water, and wind engines, by which man ever travelled on carriage road or railroad, on air currents or water currents; and with all the staring at the stars—and with all the analyzing of soils—and with all the admeasurement of mountains—and

with all the fathoming of seas—and with all the dyeing of Tyrian purple and printing of English calicos—and with all the printing machines, and thrashing machines, and calculating machines and with all the mathematical, and astronomical, and surgical instruments—and with all wind instruments, from St. Cecilia's to a blacksmith's—and with all stringed instruments, from Paganini's to a coachman's—in short, with all that we comprehend, touch, smell, taste, hear, or see, besides a great deal that we neither see, hear, taste, smell, touch, or by any means (some of us) comprehend. Notwithstanding all this, he is rather a useful than an engaging person. He is too wise, and too unbending, and too pedigree-able, to be agreeable. He will "talk an infinite deal," and his something is far duller than Gratiano's "nothing"—indeed, nothing can be more infinitely learned and dull than what he will talk. The iron, which he is always at work upon, "enters into his soul," and becomes a part of it. If he weep-quite an hypothesis—his tears, Pluto-like, are iron too; and he never cares to smile, except on a principle of utilitarianism.

Poetical Thought!—reader, light up the lamps of your spirit, and look at her. The glory of the earth, more than its glory, is burning in her eyes with a deep, mystical, unquenchable fire—with a

fire which no weeping will quench. The lashes are wet, but the eyes burn still. Burning, wandering, melancholy eyes! The sword of the cherubim, which drove from the world its vision of beauty, left one in her soul, and from the depths of that soul she gathers it, and spreads it over the withering land, and wailing sea, and darkening sky; and tries to call them, as God called them ere the ruin came, "very good." But her voice trembles and pauses beneath the weight of those God-spoken accents; and, after she has looked in the face of human Truth, which is begrimed with dust, and of human Love, which is pale, though stedfast, she goes out, as Peter did, from her place of pride, and weeps bitterly.

Poetical Thought!—how the Words serve her! Their malice and their meanness do not dare to slacken their obedience: she "holds them with a glittering eye," and, if they wrong her, it is rather by belying than denying. This is true of all the Words except of such of them as are called technical terms: they are upon no terms with her. They are a stiff-knee'd set of people, and never approached her in their lives without giving her reason to be sorry for it. Besides, their hands are always black with Scientific Thoughts, "dirty work," and not all the waters of Castalia, were they as warm as Buxton spring, could wash them clean.

Philosophical Thought and Poetical Thought used to be warmly attached friends, but whenever they have met lately, in Paternoster Row or elsewhere, Poetical Thought has made it a rule to look another way. Indeed, though in secret and congenial friendship they bear one heart between them, they have always been subject to chance estrangements. They had one serious quarrel about Plato, and I can't help saying that Philosophical Thought, was entirely in the wrong.

Let me mention, briefly, some other members of our family. There are Thoughts of the present, who are of a gloomy countenance, and Thoughts of the future, who are far too flighty, and Thoughts of the past, who freshen their own nosegays with their fast-dropping tears. There are changing Thoughts, who know the "way of the world," and faithful Thoughts, who look calmly at the grave. There are deep Thoughts, who speak a strange tongue, ("sub-obscure," as the critics say,) and shallow Thoughts, who have the "ear of the house." There are joyous Thoughts, who will "crack your cheeks" with laughter, and sad Thoughts, who, with sighing, may do the same by your heart, and weary Thoughts, who are sure to come in with your most frequent morning visitors. There are hackneyed Thoughts, who give their present patronage to the booksellers, and new Thoughts, who take a great deal upon themselves, and will introduce you into very mixed company. There are witty Thoughts, who are fair and rare, and foolish Thoughts, less hard to be met with, and, in common opinion, quite as agreeable. There are aspiring Thoughts, who wear their beavers up till the sun puts out their eyes, and humble Thoughts, who are quite passées, and out of fashion. They associate with religious Thoughts, and they—oh! nobody thinks of them! There are, besides, free Thoughts, who go to a Socinian chapel, and vain Thoughts, deeply learned in earthly goodness and happiness; and idle Thought—allow me to introduce to you—myself.

Now, with regard to myself, the Words abuse me cruelly; but Byron says, "All words are idle," so they may keep their abuse to themselves. I can make time pass as pleasantly as most of my kindred. I will sit with you while you are fishing, or watch the clouds for you out of the window, or draw portraits for you in the fire, or build castles for you in the air, or write dissertations for you like these presents. You will commend me, I am sure; but, whether you do or do not, you must make use of me. "Bide my time."

In conclusion, let me entreat you to consider the wrongs of our family. Are we to be for ever oppressed by that branch of the words called Epithets? Are we to be left in obscurity by words who

are obsolete? Are we to be misrepresented by words of double meaning? Are we to be thrown into exile by words of no meaning at all? Are we to be absolutely knocked down by words of six syllables? Nay! are we to be subject to the aspersions of the world—such as "a thought strikes me?"—or to its contempt—such as, "a penny for your thought?" Assist us, Mr. Editor! and I am ready to assure you, in behalf of our illustrious house, that we will ever be, as heretofore,

Yours to command.

I had thrown down my pen, when turning, I beheld at my elbow Concise Thought, an eccentric cousin of ours, so close in his economy as to be considered the very Hume of our household. His dwarfish form is contracted by tight stays, his tiny feet by Chinese shoes; for, as to be great is the common ambition of mankind, so, to be little is the ambition of our cousin. Now, as Concise Thought utterly detests the Words, I expected nothing less than some Laconic compliment on my performance. Alas! for my expectations. "Idle Thought!" emphatically said my cousin, with an epigrammatic turn of the hand, and contempt expressed at the expense of the least possible elevation of one eyebrow—"Thou abusest words, and also usest."

London did not at all suit Elizabeth Barrett, and though she put up amiably with the gloomy house in Gloucester Place the conditions told steadily on her health. Her passion for work, however, was as consuming as ever. With the Hunters she kept in touch; and by circumstances partly accidental we get an example of the eager and earnest manner in which she dealt with even light compositions in verse intended for friends. Among the dispersed Archives were many bundles of drafts, sketches, and so on, extremely difficult to sort and identify or even to understand, by reason of their fragmentary character. Among the papers acquired by Mr. Harper were some half dozen or so of fragments without obvious connexion, being written upon miscellaneous scraps, in tiny writing and a good deal revised while in progress. These scraps, bought as separate poems, were all individually incomplete; and they had a narrow escape of puzzling people for years to come; but they happen to have found their way to a house containing the key to their mystery,—a Manuscript bought by me in 1904 as the gem of the Hunter Papers, from an autograph-collector's point of view, especially in those days when manuscripts of E. B. B. other than letters were almost impossible to obtain. This is An Epistle from One of E. B. B.'s Doves to Dicky Sidmouth Canary Esqr-Cage House, Axminster, written in April, 1837; and Mr. Harper's half

dozen enigmas turn out to be fragments of a much laboured draft of this familiar epistle in verse.

The actual letter sent to the Hunters is very choicely executed on two sheets and a half of cream-white wove quarto paper, stamped in the left hand top corner with an appropriate device happening to be used by the stationer, Cresswell of 121 Crawford Street. The device is the Prince of Wales's plume of three ostrich feathers. The ninth page of the writing is on the recto of the half sheet; the two complete sheets were folded in six, and the half-sheet was folded round them and sealed with red wax bearing the device of a flying dove. The address is "Dicky Sidmouth Canary Esqr / Cage House / Axminster;" and Mr. Hunter endorsed on the folded letter the date of receipt, "April 29. 1837." To complete the missive, a minute enclosure containing two dove-feathers bears the inscription, in the poet's hand, "With Mrs. Dove's love / to Mrs. Canary-in token / of friendship." There is no sign of transit by post. The drafting was done on five scraps of paper, no two alike; and one of these was a portion of a torn letter to Miss Barrett, bearing a postmark of 21 April 1837. Of the Postscript there is a second draft written on a halfsheet of Bath post paper (quarto). The Poem is not printed in the present collection, the greater part of it having been lately circulated in The Cornhill Magazine.

To the year 1838 belongs the distinction of being the date of Elizabeth Barrett's first substantive volume of poetry published under her name-for the juvenile Battle of Marathon, though equally bearing her name, was not published but merely issued privately—fifty copies, she records. Seraphim, and other Poems, both by its title-page and by its preface, shows that the poet had still failed to repent in sackcloth and ashes of her first translation of the Prometheus Bound; for she acknowledges it in the new appeal to the public. She had been contributing to The New Monthly Magazine when it was edited by Bulwer (afterwards the first Lord Lytton) and also, as we have seen, to The Athenaum; for Finden's Tableaux edited by Miss Mitford she had written by request; and she had offered The Seraphim for issue in the New Monthly; but Hook had not accepted it. Of that poem a leaf from a beautiful manuscript is inserted in one of my copies of the book. The only

<sup>1</sup> THE SERAPHIM, / AND / OTHER POEMS. / BY / ELIZABETH B. BARRETT, / AUTHOR OF / A TRANS-LATION OF THE "PROMETHEUS BOUND," &c. / Some to sing, and some to say, / Some to weep, and some to praye. / SKELTON. / LONDON: / SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET. / 1838.

variants which it shows are *likeness* for *copy* in the line.

A copy of the earth-love shade

and furled for languid in the couplet

A languid wing—as if the glory Of the God-throne were before thee!

Those who are pleased to turn back to The Development of Genius will find that Part III (line 195) contains another anticipation of something in the same volume as The Seraphim. It is but a single word, and that rather a bad one, but it is an interesting textual point. It seems to have been during the important mental crisis of 1827 that Elizabeth Barrett coined for her own use the word Apolyptic: and, up to 1838, even her astonishing scholarship had not taught her how utterly indefensible the word was either as an alternative for Apocalyptic or for any other conceivable purpose. In the summer of 1838 Hugh Stuart Boyd fell foul of this coinage, in the poem called Sounds. She asked him twice1 whether he considered the word stood without excuse. It is evident that he answered in the affirmative; for although, as Sir F.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Letters, Kenyon, I, 73.

Kenyon points out, the now-established reading of the line which formerly stood—

As erst in Patmos, apolyptic John is—

As the seer-saint of Patmos, loving John,-

which employs neither the bad word nor the good, still the Hunter copy of *The Seraphim*, &c. (penes me) tells a different textual tale. In that copy, which has other manuscript notes and changes, the line was altered by E. B. B. to—

As erst of old, Apocalyptic John,

a more characteristic reading than the Browningesque closely packed line now current.

Of other poems published with *The Seraphim* four are expressly assigned to Sidmouth in the author's autograph in the Hunter copy. These are *The Island, The Sleep, The Sea-Mew,* and *The Little Friend* whose name is inscribed in full, "Mary Elizabeth Hunter."

The contents of this volume had been very carefully chosen; and by the 7th of July 1838, when it was reviewed in *The Athenæum*, Keats's friend Dilke, although by no means blind to its faults

and limitations, was clearly convinced of the extraordinary genius of the poetess so cavalierly dismissed in 1833. One evidence of her discrimination exercised in the choice of poems from the great mass she had then accumulated in manuscript is a little pott-quarto copy-book in which Arabella Barrett wrote out fairly, in the very spring of the printed book's production, a number of poems then despised and rejected. This little book, which Mr. Harper was fortunate enough to acquire before the great sale of 1913, has the following written titlepage—

Manuscript Poems
by
Elizabeth B. Barrett
April 28th 1838
London

Its contents are—

The Heart [an early version of Calls on the Heart]
Song [a version of That Day without the refrain]
The Maiden's Death [still unpublished]
The Pestilence [Ditto]
To E. W. C. Painting my Picture [Ditto]
Wisdom Unapplied [an early version in 12 instead of 18 triplets]

[171]

A Sunset [still unpublished]
Catarina to Camoens [the early version first printed in The Poets' Enchiridion &c.]
Song ["Is 't loving" &c., printed ante from the Hunter holograph]
The Statesman's Funeral [still unpublished]
Changes [an early version of Change upon Change]

With the exception of the Song already printed at page 155, the poems forming the Arabella Manuscript supplement to the book published in 1838 are now given in the order in which that worthy and devoted younger sister of the author placed them.

## THE HEART

I] Mine own free heart, that singest today
As merry as April bird on spray!
Wilt thou go forth to the wide, wide world,
Where the dark-eyed hawk hath his wings
unfurled?
Where cruel hands will thy pinions bind,

And to make thee sing, will make thee blind?

Oh heart! too blythe to roam,

Abide in thy happy home!

[172]

II] Hast thou heard a tale of Proserpina,
How gathering flowers she was wiled away,
And all to share the dark king's throne?
How they were shadows she reigned upon?
And how often she wept that the evening star
Should have beckoned her steps where the
roses are?

Oh heart! too weak to roam, Abide in thy quiet home.

III] Bar fast thy door, and thy casement close
Lest thy dwelling its blytheness and quiet lose.
Too late, too late! for the tempest hath past
Thro' casement and door with his wailing
blast.

Too late, too late! for the cloud hath thrown Its shadow of woe on thy pavement stone!

Oh heart! too sad to roam,

Abide in thy saddened home!

IV] And yet there remaineth a peace for thee,
Tho' tempest and cloud should upon thee be,
Tho' thou couch in the chill and the darkness
low,

In a place where no flower of the earth will grow,

As a bird by her ruined nest doth sit,
With a flaggèd wing, and forgotten dit!
Oh heart! too wise to roam,
Look up to thy changeless home.

### SONG

I] I stood by the river where twain of us stood, And there was but one shadow to darken the flood;

And the path which led to it, where twain used to pass,

Had the step but of one to take dew from its grass.

And the flowers that grew near had bloom on their ble,—

For there was not a hand to cull garlands for me!

And the birds—thy voice silenced—sang loudly and long,

For my low sound of weeping disturbed not their song.

II] Then, my tears did not blame thee—my words cannot, now.

As the place in its greenness and gladness, be thou!

[174]

I bade not its flowers and its singing depart— Am I likely to mar the repose of thine heart? No! learn my love only by wrongings forgiven;

My prayers, by the blessings they win thee from Heaven;

My griefs—e'er my grave is preparëd beneath—

By that silence of life, more pathetic than death.

### THE MAIDEN'S DEATH

Is she dying? ye who grieve
Do answer 'yea.' And will she leave
Our world so soon, and separate be
From this life's unresting sea,
Where Harpies live, and winds around
Are tuned all to passion's sound;
And none hath e'er an halcyon heard—
Alas! it is a fabled bird!
From this ocean Heaven doth draw
Her drops of life, by nature's law,
To form a cloud in angels' sight,
For Heaven's own sun to turn to light.

She is dying, ye who know	
All the pomp of beauty's show,	
All the dreams of youthfulness,	15
All the pride of wealth's excess,	
All the faith (than all more dear)	
Of love, so strong to keep us here—	18
Weep for her who doth remove	
From beauty, youth, wealth, aye! and love!	
But ye acquaint that tears will come	21
To cheeks tho' hallowed o'er with bloom;	
That dreamers wake, tho' softest laid,	
That di'monds are of ashes made—	24
That lips which only love doth stir,	
May soon Oh! weep not ye for her!	
Dust to dust! she lies beneath	27
The stone which speaks to life of death.	
Wealthy once, and young and fair	
And loved—but none will weep for her!	30

For another version of this poem, see post, p. 229.

## THE PESTILENCE

I] The Pestilence is breathing
The Gangean stream beside
With burning sunshine wreathing
The death mist on its tide.

[176]

- II] "Thou canst not live among us,
  Plague of the icy breath!
  Our torrid sun hath flung us
  Shields from the cold blue death."
- III] They are shiv'ring, they are shiv'ring
  Beneath their torrid sun.
  Their lips are mute and quiv'ring—
  Their life is chilled and done.
- IV] The Pestilence is riding
  On Russia's icy wold
  The snow-plumed blast bestriding
  With more unearthly cold.
- v] "Thou canst not live among us,
  Plague of the fierce sunshine—
  Our native snows have strung us
  To fear no chill of thine."
- VI] They are lying, they are lying
  On the snows they used to tread—
  Their strength is sunk and dying,
  Their hearts are still and dead.
- VII] The Pestilence is nearing

  To England's pleasant shore:

[177]

- A million ghosts appearing, To beckon thousands more.
- VIII] "Thou canst not live among us,
  Plague of the sun and snow!—
  Our forest gales have sung us
  A charm from deathly woe."
  - IX] They are wailing, they are wailing, Where forest gales had sung—

    There, iron hearts are failing—

    There, deathly shrouds are flung!
  - X] Alas! in forest breezes,
    My brothers, hope not ye!
    Nor yet in spots where ceases
    The hum of men to be—
  - XI] Nor yet in hills, where sweepeth
    The fresh and pleasant sward—
    Nor yet in hearths, where keepeth
    Vain Love her frantic guard!—
- XII] Hope ye in God!—and viewing
  The serpent brass displayed,
  Believing, mourning, suing,
  His "plague" shall yet be STAYED.

# TO E. W. C. PAINTING MY PICTURE

- I] Ah Painter! wherefore wouldst thou trace With cunning hand my form and face? Albeit the canvas weirdly taught, Assume the looks thine own have caught—The lips that breathe thy name—the brow Hope-lighted in thy presence now—Albeit each line and hue agree—It will not long resemble me.
- II] For when my eyes have wept away
  In human tears their latest ray—
  And when my lips are mute and faded—
  And when my brows are cold and shaded—
  These pictured brows, and lips and eyes
  Will keep their gaudy mockeries!
  Ah painter! thou wilt sighing see
  They cannot long resemble me.
- III] Too soon, all human as thou art,
  Some natural woe may touch thine heart!
  The first words of the changed may grieve
  thee—

The last words of the true, bereave thee!—
Then, when thy weeping eyes behold
Her picture, not unloved of old—
How calm and bright it yet will be!—
Think not 'twill then resemble me!—

IV] No! not on canvas, gentle friend,
With artful hues, mine image blend,
But on thy heart, to pencil try,
What moves my lip, and lights mine eye!
And when an image thou hast made,
Of love and truth that cannot fade,
Tho' woe and death before us be,
Ah! that will aye resemble me!

#### WISDOM UNAPPLIED 1

- I] If I were thou, oh butterfly, And rifled so the sweets that lie Within earth's grassy treasury,—
- II] I would not time and treasure lose
  As thou: for summer hath a close,—
  And violets grow not 'mid the snows.
- III] If I were thou, oh eagle proud,
  Perched higher than the mist may shroud,—
  And leagued with fire and wind and
  cloud,—

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The Arabella text has been carefully collated with a mutilated holograph pieced together without triplet VI, and with trial amendments marked rather indistinctly on triplet XI. This is initialled "E. B. B."

- IV] I would not rest my royal throne,
  As thou—upon a crumbling stone,
  Which martial storms may trample down.
- V] If I were thou, red-breasted bird,
  Whose voice in vale and bower is heard,
  By chill and tempest all unmarred,—
- VI] I would not over-stay delight
  As thou—but take a swallow flight
  Till sun and flower returned to sight.
- VII] While yet I spake, a change was laid Upon my heart whose pride did fade, As thus, methought, an angel said—
- VIII] "If I were THOU, oh reasoning thing,

  Most wise for others,—who dost cling

  To earth with that Heav'n-plumëd wing,—
  - IX] I would not waste my lifetime,—choosing, As THOU,—to win what soon thou 'rt losing, Frail things that perish in the using.
  - X] I would not rest my heart for ever, As THOU,—on glory's high endeavour,— Or human love, that lasteth never!

- XI] I would not 'bide earth's winter night,—
  As THOU—but wing away my flight,
  To dwell in Christ's perpetual light.
- XII] Thus, creature of the lofty brow,
  Not silly fly, or bird on bough,
  Is more unwise and weak than THOU!"
  E. B. B.

#### A SUNSET

- I] I looked beyond the river
  That runneth night and day,
  Beyond the woods that never
  In deeper calmness lay!—
  The light within me dying,
  Went onward to the sun
  Upon his deathbed lying—
  And they twain seemed as one.
- (XI) The holograph shows the following cancelled readings of this triplet:

I would not bide earth's winter frore,—As THOU—but flying gather more In Jesus than was lost before.

Moreover, frost in line 1 had given place to frore; ere crossed had been rejected at the end of line 2, wherein gather had superseded win back.

(XII) The word lofty has been substituted for reasoning.

[182]

- II] Companion clouds a-watching
  His death around him stood,
  On friendly bosoms catching
  His heart's red-staining blood:
  Their hues intense apprizing
  That orb, to perish soon,
  O' the purple of his rising,
  And amber of his noon.
- III] And long I did not think of
  The sun who mutely dies—
  The clouds alone could drink of
  Th' admiring of mine eyes.
  Yea! cloud-like thoughts did win me
  A moment from my teen—
  The lights without and in me
  Were waning, both unseen.
- And future sad may be,
  And yet that fancies pleasant
  May smooth reality?
  That while the sun hath wound him
  In grave-clothes of the night,
  The colored clouds around him
  May win us from the sight?

- V] But while I speak, he hideth—
  Beneath his forest shroud.
  And now—what more abideth?
  Is that the self-same cloud?
  Its amber waxen hoary,
  And black its purple bloom,—
  The cloud which made the glory
  Enforceth now the gloom.
- VI] And thus, when joy's declining Is soothed at fancy's will,
  Some silent hope is shining
  Thro' every vision still!
  They glow amid its waning,
  But let its light be done
  And all our dreams remaining
  Are . . clouds without the sun.
- VII] O Jesus!—Sun unsetting!
  I turn to thee mine eyes,
  Those earthly suns forgetting
  That rule the heart and skies—
  Draw me unworth thy winning,
  A cloud thou makest white—
  To lose my gloom of sinning
  And suffering, in thy light!

### CATARINA TO CAMOENS

- My cheek hath paled its rose away—
  My lips can smile no more—
  And wert thou near me, wouldst thou say
  "I love thee" as before?
  When dull the eyes once dreamed to be
  "The sweetest eyes thou e'er didst see."
- II] What time I heard that song of thine
  Amid my courtly days—
  Tho others praised their starlike shine
  I joyed not at the praise.—
  I only joyed that they should be
  "The sweetest eyes thou e'er didst see."
- III] And well I know, wert thou beside
  Thy Cat'rine's dying bed;
  Though quenched all their light and pride,
  Such words would still be said—
  Her loving eyes still seem to thee
  The sweetest ones thou e'er didst see.
- When wilt thou come? When I am gone
  Where all unpassioned are—
  Where e'en thy voice of tender tone
  Will cause no pulse to stir—
  When shroud and stone will hide with me
  The sweetest eyes thou e'er didst see.

- V] And wilt thou ever ever keep

  That band which bound mine hair?

  Clasp it, dear love, but do not weep

  Too long and wildly there—

  For still from Heav'n shall look on thee

  The sweetest eyes thou e'er didst see.
- VI] But now—they are not yet in Heav'n
  And fill with sudden tears,
  Because thy thoughts may not be given
  To them in after years—
  Then other eyes may seem to thee
  The sweetest ones thou e'er didst see.
- VII] Ah me! can death so soon begin

  This heart to change and chill,

  That I should weep because I ween

  Thou mayst be happy still?—

  Heaven bless whatever eyes may be

  The sweetest eyes thou e'er shalt see!—

The Statesman of the elegy which follows was, of course, George Canning.

(V, 2) The author notes here—"Which she gave to him at their parting."

#### THE STATESMAN'S FUNERAL

I] Erewhile a hope was in our land: a cry
Was in our thousand streets whose multitude
(Hath a free people dregs?) did shout
thereby

Shaping to sound, a nation's noblest mood—A voice was in our senate. He, endued With power's regalia, called on Liberty, And kissed her brow tho' hideous in new blood—

He strong to act, sublime to purpose—he Who said, "Be free oh earth!" and smiled when earth was free!—

II] Thou life!—that art so very like to death, Why should we call thee life? Our hope is gone—

The people's cry is gone—the voice whose breath

Poured a Pactolus forth of thought and tone Is gone, is gone!—and now what look we on? The dark dumb signals of the deathly ban, Black steeds and funeral plumes, and mourners lone

And aye the silent populace—we scan, Who put their faith in dust—in dust? yea, yea! in man!—

The new worlds into being? This was he!—
How are the lips whose music disenthralled
The nations, taken in a slavery!
He drank earth's draught of immortality
And found it deadly, and for aye is mute!—
He gathered death of life. There grows
a tree

Which never doth decay in branch or root, And all the fruit it bears, is likest cypress fruit!

IV] Dust unto dust, in silence! surely some
Who, when their living friend were fain to
break

The golden bands of friendship, now may come

To look upon his grave—he will not wake! Nor will it wrong their land, albeit they shake

Above this stone the common tears which men

Will sometimes pay their kind, for Nature's sake!

But if, whom they forsook in life, again They do forsake in death—and hate th' unhating—then . . .

(III, 7) The author notes that the allusion is to "The Thuyan tree mentioned by Theophrastus."

v] Why then we pass them thus—as he will do!—

For if his spirit hold an earthly thought It will revert from such as they, unto That young and weeping boy, who seëth

nought

In all the solemn pomp around him brought, The weeds, the plumes, the torchlight ruddying all—

The royal mourners, and the temple haught,—

Nought but the one low bier,—for he did call "Father," the breathless clay beneath its soundless pall.

VI] And if the fount of love in his young heart
Be turnëd into woe, how deep the woe!—
Then let the people leave him, and depart—
They mourn not as he mourneth,—they
could know

Only the master intellect and flow Of master words—they nothing think upon The dear home accent of that voice, and how It used to answer in a tender tone,

Him who stands here, and weepeth it hath left him lone—

And standing here, most bitter memories
Are falling on his heart, fast as his tears,
What time he tries to fix his reeling eyes
Upon that coffined dust which was the bier's
And is the grave's,—what time it disappears
For ever underneath the arches grim!—
Yet shall he walk these stones in after years,
Thinking a thought no future grief can
dim—

That, when he wept here last, his country wept with him.

#### **CHANGES**

- Yes, change! the earth is changing too
  With autumn quickness in our view,—
  And where the green leaves cast a shade,
  The yellow leaves are withering laid—
  And where the stream in music plained,
  The silent stream in ice is chained.
  Both hue and heat do wane away
  And why should'st thou change less than they?
- II] And if the eyes that met thee last
  With happy looks, are weeping fast;
  And if the cheeks that lighted so,
  To feel thee near, are pale for woe;

[190]

And if the lips that gave reply
To kindly words, can nought but sigh,—
If heart and hope are changing now—
Ah! why should they change less than thou?

It is not certain whether this song and some of the next few "unconsidered trifles" belong to the latter days at Sidmouth or to the early part of the first London period—probably some to each. To this transition period we may safely assign an epigram, saved up with other small compositions of minor importance, and chiefly notable for scantiness of sympathy with the French character. It relates to the pestilent Corsican Joseph Marie Fieschi who ended a scoundrelly career at the guillotine for an attempt on the life of Louis Philippe, in which several people were killed.

Fieschi's fate to Frenchmen seems the goal of bliss to touch!

Much-babbling he has many babblers babbling of him much.

This not very characteristic distich is written along a strip of thinnish white paper about 2 inches wide and 7½ long, which I bought with other papers from the Browning sale of 1913. The attempt to murder the King by a tremendous "infernal ma-

chine" was made in the summer of 1835; but there seem to have been several months of "babbling" before the conspirators were duly executed. The word fate might relate either to his condemnation or to his execution; but whether the trifle belongs to 1835 or to 1836 is of very little consequence.

On a scrap of paper measuring  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches by  $3\frac{1}{4}$ 

are the following draftings:-

- I] The moon looks downward on the earth—
  The earth is slumbering deep—
  And the river seems the voice of dreams
  That murmurs thro' its sleep.
  Oh God of night, thine only might
  Can make it silent too!—
- The moon and earth are face to face

  The earth is tranced deep
  The wave-born voice seems the of dreams.

  God! making night, alone thy might
  Can make us tranquil too!—
- III] Night-making One, thine hand alone Can make us tranquil too!
- IV] Oh calm it, God! Thy calm is broad To cover spirits too.

[192]

V] Come thou!—Thou never knewest
A grief, that thou sh[oul]dst fear it—
Thou wearest still the happy look
That feels another's, near it.

VI] That a word of wrong take the cradle song

From  $\begin{cases} \text{the ear of a} \\ \text{a little} \end{cases}$  sinless child

My  $\begin{cases} \text{thought} \\ \text{fear} \end{cases}$  was of his falsehood—

On a scrap of similar paper measuring  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches by  $2\frac{3}{4}$  is the beginning of a letter to Boyd.—

My dear Mr. Boyd,-

Your lyrics found me in a great bustle and business and thus the full Orphean power of their attraction was not immediately felt. But I did wish to be able to go to see you.

Having torn these few lines off the top of a half-sheet of note-paper, the poet turned the scrap upside-down and wrote upon it the quatrain—

Then lightening sh[oul]d for lightening flash Vexation for vexation—
And shades of St. John's Wood w[oul]d glow In awful conflagration.

The hyperbolic opening of a note to so indifferent a versifier as Boyd was doubtless condemned in favour of that which Sir F. G. Kenyon gives as the commencement of a letter from Gloucester Place said to be postmarked "November 26, 1836" (Letters, I, 39):

"I have been so busy that I have not been able until this morning to take breath or *inspiration* to answer your lyrics. You shall see me soon, but I am sorry to say it can't be Monday or Tuesday."

Sir Frederic prints as a foot-note half a dozen quatrains beginning thus:

Your lyrics found me dull as prose Among a file of papers, And analysing London fogs To nothing but the vapours.

These quatrains include not only the foregoing allusive to Boyd's residence of that time, but also the following from another of our scraps with but trifling variation:—

I said! when lo my birds of peace
Thine anger disallowing
Replied—Coo Coo!—But keep in mind
That cooing is not cowing.

[194]

Her correspondent appears to have been parodying something of hers. This variant has a half-sheet of note-paper all to itself. On another half-sheet is a very different fragment:—

Have any dreamt that when the cross
In mystic darkness rested—
Upon the victim's hidden face
No love was manifested?—
And stedfast as that awful love
While earth her lights averted,
Was fixed on him whose earthly path
Was darkened, not deserted.

After this was written, the two quatrains were altered thus—

Deserted? Who hath dreamt that when The cross in darkness rested Upon the victim's hidden face

No { pang was manifested?

And stedfast as its woe remained
While earth her lights averted
Its love remained for him whose path
Was darkened, not deserted.

[195]

From this to the next scrap, measuring 53/4 inches by 3, is a curious transition of the grave to gay order.—

You might be elated
If e'er you were stated,
The brains of two, in your head to combine;
But your pride would be less
Were you said to possess
The brains of an hundred and ninety-nine.

In the last line the fourth word was originally one; but it is clearly altered to an. The paper on which these odds and ends are written is all of the same manufacture. Only one has a water-mark showing the year; and that year is 1828; but the date of composition is doubtless in all cases some years later.

It must be abundantly evident to readers of these volumes that Elizabeth Barrett's determination to make poetry the aim and object of her life dated from her early childhood and was aided and abetted by her parents. This fact, now unquestionable, does not square with the "authorized version" of her life story as a woman of letters.

Sir Frederic Kenyon, unintentionally led astray by that meteoric man of genius Richard Henry Horne, sets forth a different view in *The Letters* of *Elizabeth Barrett Browning* (1897—Vol. I, p. 36), where, referring to the autumn of 1836, he says—

"Hitherto her publications had been confined to a few small anonymous volumes, printed rather to please herself and her friends than with any idea of appealing to a wider public. She was now anxious to take this farther step, and, with that object, to obtain admission to some of the literary magazines. This was obtained through the instrumentality of Mr. R. H. Horne."

Sir Frederic then quotes thus from that invaluable but ill-arranged and often inaccurate book called Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Richard Hengist [sic] Horne (2 vols., 1817; Vol. I, pp. 7-8):—

"My first introduction to Miss Barrett was by a note from Mrs. Orme, enclosing one from the young lady, containing a short poem, with the modest request to be frankly told whether it might be ranked as poetry or merely verse. As there could be no doubt in the recipient's mind on that point, the poem was forwarded to Colburn's New Monthly, edited at that time by Mr. Bulwer (afterwards Lord Lytton), where it duly appeared in the current number. The next manuscript sent to me was The Dead Pam, and the poetess at once

started on her bright and noble career. It was thus my happiness to be instrumental in first introducing Miss E. B. Barrett to the literary world."

That was doubtless Horne's impression forty vears after the events, when he was curiously apt to mix his personal experiences with other people's good stories and become the hero of transactions with which he had really no personal connexion. As the inheritor of Horne's masses of literary documents and correspondence, I ought to be able to verify his position, whereas I actually find good reason to dispute it. In the same volume he gives, as the earliest letter from E. B. B. which he can trace, one from Torquay dated the 20th of November, 1839; and that letter certainly does not belong to a correspondence of two years' standing. It relates to two short poems which she had sent to him at his request "for a particular purpose" some two months earlier, and which she desired to have returned to her as he had not used them. They were The Madrigal of Flowers, afterwards published as A Flower in a Letter, and The Cry of the Human.

The appearance of a poem by Horne and one by herself in one and the same Volume of *Finden's Tableaux* had afforded her the opening for enquiring after her two manuscripts; and the supposed question whether the then much esteemed R. H. H.

called them poetry or merely verse does not commend itself to me as at all characteristic or likely, though it may have been put incidentally as a piece of polite modesty towards a stranger of renown. She says she was "ill able to write at the time," but wanted to avoid "the appearance of discourtesy." That would explain why Mrs. Orme wrote for her, sending two manuscripts she had by her.

It seems to me that, just as her shorter fugitive poems had during several years been appearing in papers to whose editors they commended themselves, so *The Romance of Margret* and *The Poet's Vow* had found favour with Bulwer when offered to the *New Monthly*—probably by herself—why not?

The next letter which Horne gave in his first volume is that of the 16th of May, 1840, and is a reply to a letter of sympathy which he had written to her at Torquay, doubtless on learning from Mrs. Orme that the state of the poetess's health had become so desperate as to render her residence at that place necessary as a simple life-saving measure and that bad reports of her state had been received. Horne's condolence could not possibly have been on the loss of her brother as he says, for Edward was not drowned till nearly two months later. The "heavy blow" of that spring was the hopeless, or

nearly hopeless, view taken of her own case by the physician. When she wrote that letter she had rallied from a desperate state of things. Such a letter about Edward's death would have been inconceivably at variance with her character; and we know that two months after the rally letter, when the tragedy really had occurred, she was in a state of mental and physical prostration from which it took some months for even her wondrous spiritual vigour to revive her. When she was roused to work and write again she alluded to the tragic event as "that last most overwhelming affliction of my life . . from the edge of the gloom [not chasm, as Horne gives it] of which I may struggle, but never can escape." [Vol. II, p. 95.]

It is in that second volume that we get a most interesting though confused account of Psyche Apocalypte, a Lyrical Drama, "projected by E. B. B. and R. H. H." The substance of this section was first contributed by Horne to the St. James's Magazine and United Empire Review for February, 1876, and was printed separately in the same year as a pamphlet of twenty pages, now of considerable rarity. Horne leaves the reader under the impression that the scheme of joint authorship was originated by E. B. B.; but letters containing the first thoughts about it were even then "miss-

ing"; and some extant passages relevant to the question seem to have been overlooked. For example, I find on examining the holograph of a letter written at Torquay, and described as undated, that it bears the postmark "June 14, 1840," and contains the following omitted passage which undoubtedly refers to the scheme:-"Which reminds me of another sort of taking turns—the sort you propose . . in cruel jest as I must suppose. You think it would be a good joke to take the 'click of small machinery' into your Gregorian chaunt!— Well-I can only answer in sober sadness-that I should like to do anything with you-both for the pleasure's sake and for the honor's sake—but I am afraid of vou-vou would tread on me if I were so near, with the great Gregory foot—and every body would talk of want of proportion." There is no doubt that this passage refers to the Psyche proposal, and it is pretty clear that it was Horne who invited the cooperation—not E. B. B., though it seems that she ultimately suggested the subject. The next month came the great tragedy of her life, the death of her brother Edward in a vachting accident; and then followed the interruption of several months in her literary work and correspondence already mentioned. It was a wonderful triumph over shattered health and spiritual despair

that ensued in the following year. Among other things she took up the subject of the joint-drama again; and the document which Horne describes as her "first rough draft" (for they both admittedly made drafts and sent them to each other for revision &c.) then came under discussion. It went to Horne, just a half-sheet of note-paper, in a tiny envelope, black-edged and prepaid with a black Bacon and Perkins stamp; it was put into the Torquay Post Office on the 21st of January, 1841; and it is endorsed by Horne "Psyche Unveiled, First Outline."

Among the papers dispersed last year, a less mature first "rough draft" than Horne's fell to the lot of Mr. Harper, together with a later paper dealing with the first act, also differing so far from what Horne gives that it is well worth while to print it just as left in her writing, even if it is only a duplicate kept by her when returning something that both poets had worked on. To bring together here all extant passages and papers relating to this scheme would involve more reprinting from Horne's two well-known volumes than would accord with our program: whereas to print her own papers on the subject just as she left them is a useful measure. Here, then, follows the "rough draft" recovered last year:—

CYMON
HIS BETROTHED
HIS DEAD SISTER'S CHILD
PSYCHE (Cymon's)
UTILITARIAN PHILOSOPHER
POET

CHORUS—from the spirits of the earth or the ministering Heavenly spirits.

First scene, an old grave. Child sitting there "because it is convenient"—His question to Cymon (a man self-supposed to be complete in experience, a strong and wise man in all points) upon letters graven on the stone. Argument of life and death (the one inclusive of the other) as looked upon retrospectively and prospectively. Child sleeps upon the grave—Low chorus of ministering Angels guarding not the dead but the living—Vision of Psyche—Dread of Cymon before that manifestation of the Inward. Converse between the man and the Psyche—One yet opposed—Psyche's curse—Voice of Psyche dies away in the murmur of the approaching crowds.

Cymon's marriage festival—Cymon and his bride—But Psyche haunts love with mystic voices—The bridal hymn broken by the wail of Psyche—Terror of the bridegroom and most "admired disorder" among the guests.

Cymon has recourse to Philosophy. Interview with the philosopher.

Recourse to Poetry—interview with the Poet.

Cymon and child among the mountains flying from Psyche into Nature. The child's voice echoed by Psyche.

Interview with the poet-

The bride's body found in the snows—Cymon bears to look upon Psyche by the force of despair sorrow—

The Cathedral scene and burial. Dread desolation of the Psyche and the Man { gaze together } face to face } by the abandoned open filled grave. Vision of the cross—and Psyche beautified and softened and the man raised and purified in the ghastly light of the Divine agony, Love has its price in unity and self reconciliation, and Cymon fears Psyche no more by the force of religion.

The "first rough draft" preserved by Horne, and not quite accurately printed, does not differ very considerably from the one she kept, and was probably altered a little in copying from the other and sent to him because she thought it the better of the two. It is here given from the holograph:—

#### PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

CYMON
HIS BRIDE
DEAD SISTER'S CHILD
PSYCHE (Cymon's)
PHILOSOPHER (Utilitarian?)
POET
CHORUS OF EARTH-SPIRITS—or Ministering Heavenly Spirits.

An old tomb. Child sitting there, "because it is convenient!" His question upon the letters, graven on the stone, to Cymon, a man self-supposed to be complete in all experiences, and prepared for all events-wise and strong. Argument between the child and man, the prospective and retrospective, upon life and death,—the one inclusive of the other. Child, in despite of morals, sleeps on the grave. Low chorus of ministering Spirits, guarding, not the dead but the living. Voice and vision of Psyche . . to the Man. His dread and drooping of sense before that manifestation of the Inward. Can "man see God and live?" Can he see the "image of God?" Converse between the Man and the Psyche—the one yet contrarious, and their mutual horror of the unity. In regard to the hereafter, he shudders less at the thought of abstract death than of Psyche. The Curse. Psyche's voice dies away in the murmur of approaching multitudes.

Cymon's marriage festival; Cymon and his bride. But Psyche haunts Love with mystic and mournful voices. The bridal singing broken by the wail of Psyche.¹ Bridegroom's terror and flight and "most admired disorder" among the guests.

Cymon consults philosophy. Interview with the philosopher. Psyche mocks all.

Has recourse to poetry—interview with the poet—who refuses to help him against Psyche.

Cymon and the Child among the mountains, flying from Psyche into Nature. The Child's voice (and Nature's) echoed by Psyche.—They find the abandoned bride—dead among the snows—Cymon

 $\left\{\begin{array}{l}\text{bears}\\dares\end{array}\right\}$  to look upon Psyche by the force of woe.

Cathedral scene and burial. Dread desolation of the Psyche and the Man beside the filled new tomb. Vision of the Cross—and Psyche being softened and beautified and the Man purified and exalted in the ghastly light of that Divine Agony, Love has its issue in unity and self-reconciliation.

—Cymon fears Psyche no more, by the force of religion.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>R. H. has inserted in pencil the word *audibly*.

By the end of March, 1841, when Horne was serving on the Children's Employment Commission, and was making enquiries at Wolverhampton, the would-be partners in a highly poetic drama were discussing a "First Sketch of the plot or sequence of emotions," which, together with a scheme for Act I, fell into Mr. Harper's hands. These sketches are as follows:—

No. 1.—First Sketch of the plot or sequence of emotions

PSYCHE APOCALYPTIC

A Lyrical Drama

Dramatis Personæ

MEDON

ŒNONE. MEDON'S betrothed bride

PSYCHE. The soul of MEDON

PHILOSOPHER

POET

A CHILD (the orphan of MEDON'S sister)

CHORUS OF HEAVENLY SPIRITS

CHORUS OF GENII

CHORUS OF ISLANDERS

The scene is in one of the Islands of the [ ]\*

<sup>\*</sup>A blank space is left in the manuscript here with a marginal quære as to how the space is to be filled. There is another marginal quære against the Chorus of Genii in the Dramatis Personæ.

where Greek and Persian traditions have become mingled—(to account for the Genii)

Torquay— March 29th

Wolverhampton March 25th /41

### Аст І

SCENE, AN OLD TOMB; where Medon's Father, Mother and Sister are buried. His Sister's orphan child is sitting among the flowers at its base—

### Enter Medon

Dialogue between Medon and the child—The child taking the lead by questions the profound innocence of which impel [sic] Medon's thoughts and imagination into speculations upon life and death—and his own identity—

The child falls asleep at the foot of the grave, while Medon is struggling with an impossible answer.

## Chorus of Heavenly Spirits

(guarding the living not the dead)

(say so—nothing can be finer than that simply said, and not much worked out)

MEDON (speaks)

Apprehension in the roots of his hair—a pres-

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ence... an emanation from myself—yet stands apart from me, &c.

Be manifest—nor hold me thus disfranchised Between two worlds, &c.

## Voice of Psyche

Psyche speaks—

Medon—endeavours to reply—makes signs in the air—his soul speaks—calls for the Presence—

## Vision of Psyche

I hear myself in thee And I appear!

\* \* \* \* \*

Medon eventually wakes the child for protection—Child wakes—Psyche vanishes—Medon hurries away with the child clasped in his arms—his head in the child's bosom.

## SCENE II

### ŒNONE'S BOWER

A grove of arbutus-laurel on one side—on the other a lake with one large swan gliding in the

T 209 7

distance—Enone is looking at the sun setting over the far mountains.

Enter the child running, &c.

Soon after enter Medon, very slowly and guardedly. The result of this scene is that Medon recovers himself, forgets his past heaviness of thought—and recent vision (by an effort) until the effort becomes less necessary. Love for the time conquers, and their marriage festival shall not be delayed—he had been lost enough to forget it had ever been fixed. But now he thinks of nothing else. Is most anxious and assiduous to think of nothing else. Assemble all on the Island —from the Poet down to the aboriginal Islanders—Vision of happiness. Medon gives way to his impassioned imagination and invites all the genii of the Isle, since it first rose out of the sea, to be auspicious to his nuptials and hover amidst the ascending columns of the incense altar.

Exeunt Medon, Œnone and child into the Bower.

Chorus of Genii.

End of First Act.

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By a happy chance similar sketches of Acts II and III fell into my hands, and completed E. B. B.'s "No. I, First Sketch of the Plot and Sequence of Emotions." These were accompanied by a paper headed "Revision of No. I," based upon reconsideration, especially in the light of remarks made by R. H. H. on former papers and in a voluminous correspondence.

### Act II

SCENE — A FESTIVAL — somewhere — Medon's marriage festival—Its celebration by chorusses, dances, &c.—

Psyche haunts Love with mystic and mournful voices which Medon first hears—and through the effect upon him, the voice of Psyche becomes audible to Œnone and then to all present. The bridal singing is broken by the wail of Psyche. Medon in terror and flight. Terror and disorder of all the rest. Œnone remains transfixed like one of the marble statues around—and is thus left alone—the rest retreating.

Chorus of \* \* \*

Noting how the dying lights of the bridal altar and incense wine fall upon the statues, including Enone among them in the description.

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### SCENE II

A deep hollow in a rock—voice of Psyche faintly heard calling from within—Enter Medon—following, as if irresistibly attracted.

Converse between Medon and Psyche—one yet contrarious—and their mutual horror of the unity. In regard to the Hereafter, he shudders less at the thought of abstract Death, than of meeting Psyche.

### Distant sounds of \* \* \*

The Dialogue pauses. The sounds again—
Psyche's voice recommences, but dies away in
the murmur of approaching multitudes—

## Chorus advancing.

Psyche vanishes—Medon falls on his face.

### The Curse.

This will comprise various chorusses representing man, and all living things of earth.

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### SCENE III

The sea shore—enter philosopher.

Soliloquy— (tending to deny the sanity of all the finest intellects in Germany—you see what I mean—) reducing all things to the five external senses, by analysis.

Enter Medon. Dialogue.

The arguments and advice of the philosopher.

Laughed at by Psyche.

The philosopher refuses to admit that he hears the voice of the Invisible.

Psyche speaks.

The philosopher persists (while turning pale) in denying the evidence of his own senses—as not being very well today—And while he is thus denying, he quære—

Chorus of Islanders

The philosopher is rescued by the poor savages of Islanders.

Enter the poet

Dialogue between Medon and the poet—The latter refuses to help him against Psyche—

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## ACT III

#### SCENE I

Mountains opening upon luxuriant plains beneath.

Enter Medon and the child.

They advance with hurried steps—but Medon knows not where he is going. He is only flying from Psyche—into nature. They pause for breath. The childs voice speaks for (interprets the voice of) nature. And is echoed by Psyche invisibly. Medon starts forward again—and stops suddenly by a form half covered with the drifted snow. It is the dead body of his abandoned bride, Œnone.

The child falls upon its knees—and buries its head in the cold snow of the cold bosom of white death. Medon standing erect with anguish, calls upon Psyche to appear. He will fly no more—

# Psyche appears.

Medon sustained and strong by reason of strong woe, is able to look upon and confront Psyche.

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#### SCENE II

A lofty forest vista, like a Cathedral.

In the centre a new made grave, surrounded by Islanders.

Chorus of Islanders

(The earthliness of death—The horror of the blind that see only the worm.)

The body of Enone borne in, attended by Medon and the child, with Psyche visibly hovering over them.

Chorus of Heavenly Spirits

(The converse of the poor ignorant Islanders.)

Dread desolation (notwithstanding) of the Psyche and Medon and the child, beside the grave as Œnone is lowered into it—

The child pleads against Death, and against death in the world

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Psyche and Medon both echo the child.

Chorus of Heavenly Spirits

(Declaring and explaining death to be only an intermediate state and calling upon them for resignation patience—faith.)

They listen to this—begin to consider it—but in vain. It all rests upon faith! and what proof or sign that this is well-founded?—

Vision of the Cross

Christ seen crucified

Chorus of Heavenly Spirits

(Christ is love—the cross, suffering—)

Psyche softened and beautified [sic], and Medon purified and exalted in the ghastly light of that divine agony, love has its issue in unity and self-reconcilement. Medon fears Psyche no more, by the force of religion. (Sic in orig. but quoad Œnone?—) Work out thus, I think?

Medon perceives the change in Psyche. The child perceives the change in Medon. Chorus of Heavenly Spirits (and perhaps Semi-chorus of Islanders) helping to express the change in Medon. Medon and Psyche reciprocate in lyrics their sense of reconcilement and unity, crowned adorably by the Heavenly Spirits and song of the beatified [sic] Œnone. A great chorus of reconciliation rising up from the universe to the Reconciler.

But Medon is conscious that Œnone has been the victim of his condition with relation to Psyche—and that every woman wd most probably be made a victim under such circumstances—all this reproaching Psyche—who makes no reply. Medon is conscious that the suffering and death of Œnone has been the means of his change and reconciliation with Psyche.

Psyche replies

(and a very tough task she will find it needing to be helped out by

Chorus of Heavenly Spirits)

Repeat that the cross is the suffering which leads to Christ or love.

The Chorus not meaning to *punish* Medon for that which he c[oul]d in no wise help or avoid, do yet enjoin his residence for life beside the tomb of Enone, promising that he shall find the contem-

plation full of sweetened regrets by reason of divine hopes.

This termination is hardly good I fear (too elaborate for a drama,) but it may serve as a first outline—will you think and see if it can be condensed—or perhaps you w[oul]d alter it. Finally, this is not a love-story but a Psyche story.

The poetess has marked for omission all from But Medon is conscious to divine hopes. The final paper, headed Revision of No. 1, is from the two pages of closely written manuscript which she kept—no doubt sending Horne a duplicate or approximate duplicate.

Revision of No. 1

Аст I

Dele chorus of genii, wherever it occurs

ACT II SCENE III

After the words—"refuses to help him against Psyche"—read—

Exeunt Medon and Poet at opposite sides-

Chorus of Islanders

They see Œnone coming—Now is the time for her—now she sh[oul]d endeavour to help Medon out of his morbid mental state which they call madness.

#### Enter Œnone

She is conscious of Medon's distraction of feeling, but does not at all understand the cause, nor has she any instinct of what assistance she c[oul]d offer.

The Islanders in their rude sense, exhort her to do something to help the poor man—

## Œnone remains passive—

From deficiency of intellect—of mental sympathy—of every instinct that might have prompted her to attempt recalling him—and from gentleness—timidity—and helplessness—She believes she has lost his love, and has no sort of confidence in herself. She is incapable of an effort.

Note. This because it renders the fate of Enone more natural—may serve as a warning to others—and saves Medon from the charge of an utter morbidity or monomaniaism by suggesting that it was just possible he might have been reclaimed.

End of Act II.

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### ACT III

### SCENE I

After the end of scene I—"and confront Psyche." Transpose the paragraph beginning with "But Medon is conscious," &c. as far as "no reply."

Probably no reply—unless one forces itself upon anybody.

After "to express the change in Medon"—Medon and Psyche reciprocate in lyrics their sense of reconciliation and unity, crowned chorally by the Heavenly Spirits and the song of the beatified Enone (through whose sufferings the change had been effected on earth) and who is seen (at all events by Medon I think) shining among the spirits.

A great chorus of reconciliation rising up from the universe to the Reconcilor—This chorus suggesting that while Medon passes the remainder of his life in a hermitage near the tomb of Œnone, he will nevertheless find the contemplation full of sweetened regrets by reason of divine hopes. This latter suggestion must be brought close home to the human feelings by one good "touch of nature" for us in our present state. The remainder, all wings—

Finis.

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The Psyche Apocalypte scheme gradually died a most natural death. The correspondence with Horne became one of the most interesting interchanges of views and literary consultations that ever occupied two persons of genius for a series of years. Even hacked up and jumbled as they are in Horne's two volumes edited by Mayer, E. B. B.'s letters to him are of her very best. As originally written they are supremely fine; and the autographs are among my most treasured possessions. Horne's letters to her I have never seen; but I know this from his letters to myself and others—that he was a splendid and a stimulating correspondent, even in his old age. No one, and least of all the two poets themselves, could, however, fail to discover sooner or later that the scheme of joint authorship must break down by reason of incompatibilities of genius, sentiment and method; and it is well that Psyche at last gave place to the preparation of E. B. B.'s next single-handed appeal to the public, the two volumes of 1844, which followed a considerable mass of anonymous work,—in 1842 for The Athenæum, and in 1843 for Horne's two notable volumes, A New Spirit of the Age, as to which the extent of his debt to E. B. B. is not, and perhaps never will be, fully known. The Athenæum volume for 1842 is a perfect treasure-house of high-class criticism from the hand of the poetess,

containing, inter alia, the splendid papers on the Greek Christian Poets, and on English poets, which Browning reprinted in 1863 as a substantive

posthumous work.

But neither Browning in the delightful volume of 1863 called The Greek Christian Poets and the English Poets, nor Sir Frederic Kenyon in reprinting the same in his collected edition of Mrs. Browning's Poetry (1904 and earlier), failed to leave something for the present generation of Bibliophiles. In these delightful papers the poetess, writing anonymously in The Athenæum about Gregory Nazianzen, says "three of his hymns have already appeared in the Athenæum" (Athenæum, 1842, p. 211, Greek Christian Poets, 1863, p. 32, Works, p. 599). Here are the Hymns, with her own introductory remarks, as they appeared in The Athenæum, where I "discovered" them some thirty years ago:—

### THREE HYMNS,

Translated from the Greek of Gregory Nazianzen.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

Of the two folio volumes which represent to us the name and genius of Gregory Nazianzen, the second, containing his poems, is by far the least poetical. There are poetical writers who are not

poets—with whom the sight of the harp exorcises the music;—who invert M. Jourdain, and cannot write poetry if they know it. Of such is Gregory. He is an ORATOR;—less wordy and monotonous than Chrysostom, but more laborious and antithetical; with a less flowing and winding tune among his sentences (Lydian measures); but nobler, I think, and more resonant, both in thought and cadence. He can build anything lofty, except a "rhyme." Yet his verses are better than Cicero's —perhaps as good as Plato's;—for whenever, through the cloud of this folio of them, we catch a glimpse of the luminous soul, we fall back upon ourselves for an increase of praise. To speak of the three hymns I have chosen for translation, as they are in their own old Greek, the first has the most unity of purpose, and is therefore the best whole poem of his I can remember anywhere. The second, a high argument, balanced upon antithetical pinnacles, is chiefly interesting, as being characteristical. He delighted, like some other dreamers of the early time, to walk the still green groves of the Academy, carrying the Scriptures of God and his own faults—to say nothing of Plato's. The third hymn—an evening hymn—falls more easily into our language than either of the preceding ones, but has obvious beauties of its own, which I hope may be retained in some imperfect "life-in-death" manner, even in my version. All three poems have been faithfully, if not mortally "done into English."—E. B. B.

## Hymn I.

Monarch and maker of the worlds, we bless thee! We bless thee, who hast made the things which were not,

And manifested those which did appear not, The mental with a thought, and with a word, The sensual. Holy singers do confess thee, Chanting in multitude their thronèd Lord! The angels militant in fiery chorus, The first-born, undefiled from their birth, The great stars treading choral measures o'er us, The prophet-souls and spirits just of earth, All congregated, all around the throne, In joy and awful reverence bear along Ever that perfect and perpetual song, "Monarch and maker of the worlds, we bless thee!" So, sinless singing, heavenly choirs address thee. And I too, holy Father, would be one To utter prayer—to bow thee the heart's knee, Undying Father, and sink inwardly Before thee. Praying so, my head doth droop

Earthward,—I lie a suppliant, and weep free Because I am not worthy to look up Unto thy singing Heav'ns!

But may'st thou be,

O gracious Father, pitiful to me,—
Propitious to thy servant—ruined: Lord,
O stretch thine hand toward me and retrieve me
From Death's dark jaws—make pure my thoughts;
and never

Ungarmented by thy close Spirit, leave me!
Rather new grace of bosom-force achieve me,
That I, with heart and lip, may praise thee ever!
And as my sire, thy servant, knew thy face,
Grant me a life as clear, as pure an end,
As brave a hope,—like mercy and like grace,—
And all the sins my youth did comprehend,
Forgive them like a king,—we so confess thee,
And all day long and ever longer bless thee.

## Hymn II.

O, above all! (how else to sing thee forth?)
Can speech declare thee—spoken in no word!
Can mind behold thee—compassed by no mind!
Alone, unspeakable, because the fount
Of vocal life,—inscrutable alone,

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Because, of life perceptive! yea, but all
Silent or eloquent, do utter Thee—
Intelligent or sensual, honour Thee;
Their congregated passions and their pangs
Scattered around Thee! And all pray to Thee—
And unto Thee, all such as comprehend
Thy synthesis of being, speak abroad
A silent hymn. In thee alone, all rest.
To thee, in rushing confluence, all leap up.
Thou art the end of all—Thou, one and all;
And none, because not one nor all! O, Thou
Of all names,—who can cry on thee, alone
The nameless? What brave soul can pierce the
veil

Of Heaven above the cloud? O, above all, (How else to sing thee forth?) be merciful!

# An Evening Hymn.

Now we utter praise before thee, O my Christ, O Word of God! Light of lights, unuttered mood, Giver of the Spirit's good, Threefold light, which doth conclude In a single glory! Thou who didst the darkness loose,

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And the clear light circumfuse, Therein to stand up Creator,— Fixing the unquiet matter Into forms of stedfast duty, And this now harmonious beauty; Thou who o'er man's soul hast sent Reason's, Truth's enlightenment— Of supernal radiance, so, Placing here an image low, That in light he light may see, And become light utterly; Thou who tricked'st out the skies With their star varieties, Thou did'st teach the Night and Day To follow meekly one another, As friend would friend, and brother brother, With honour to Love's law alway— Giving, under one, cessation To the flesh's weary passion,— Under one, to deeds inciting, Which Thy pure eyes take delight in,-That, 'scaping from the darkness, we To that actual day may flee, Which can never fall or fade In mighty dusk or twilight shade.

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Do Thou on mine eyelids cast Gentle slumber, not too fast; That no deathly silence long May enchain the tuneful tongue— The thing thou tuned'st so, to suit The angels' singing, rendered mute! And, by thy grace, my couch shall bring me Thoughts of blessing to enring me— Nor shall any stain of Day Be proved on Night; nor shall the play Of midnight visions on her press, To fright her from her holiness. But let my soul, from body free, Pray, Jehovah, unto thee-To the Father, to the Son, To the Holy Spirit-ONE-Whose be honour, glory, power! Amen, now and evermore.

The Maiden's Death, rejected in 1838 when The Seraphim had to be furnished with accompanying minor poems, was put upon its trial again before the 1844 volumes came out, the judge and jury being, as far as one can divine, the author herself. The chronological place of the second version, though not fully shown, is approximately indicated by the paper used for the new attempt to make it acceptable to the poet. A half-sheet of cream-laid

note-paper with an 1841 water-mark in it contains all the evidence to be offered. A page and a half sufficed for a new draft in 38 lines instead of the 30 already given at page 175 (ante). It was greatly improved in the new version, which was much worked upon; and it is quite clear that at one time the recension about to be given was accepted at least provisionally, as denoted by the autograph initials E B B at the close. Nevertheless, besides marginal revision, the lower half of page 2 is filled with variants and trial lines, some of which may have been written before the initials were affixed, though it looks more likely that a second trial was held, and that the judgment again went against the poem in 1844. It will be interesting in this case to give the new recension in its integrity first and the variants afterwards.

#### THE MAIDEN'S DEATH:

A NEW VERSION

3

6

Is she dying?—Ye who grieve
Do answer 'yea.' And will she leave
Our world so soon and separate be
From this life's unresting sea . .
Where the Harpies' ghastly nation
Hovers,—and the wind's hoarse passion
Sobs,—and there 's no room or rest

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For the Halcyon's fabled nest?— From these depths, the Heavens draw Her drops of life by nature's law, To form a cloud in angels' sight, Illumined by the great God-light.	9
She is dying. Ye who know	
Beauty's fairness in a show,—	
Youth's high dreams where angels enter,	15
Built upon a peradventure,	
Wealth's soft strewing of the ways,	
Love's deep vowing in self-praise,	18
Weep for her who doth remove	
From beauty, youth, wealth ay, and love.	
Life to dust her eyes now flicker	21
Through the shadows that lie thicker	
She no more will see the sun	
Who weeps for her? everyone.	24
But but ye (for I am turning	
Unto those of fuller learning—)	
Ye who know how tears find place	27
'Twixt the show-mask and the face—	
How dream-pillows slide away,	
Leaving brows upon the clay;—	30
How the foot may smoothly tread	
While the thorn-wreath pricks the head—	
How the mouth with love vows laden	33
Soon Oh weep not for that maiden!—	
-	

de madent rest.

Lesse Oping? So who prive the lave to answer year. And with the leave the world to won and therate be done the left was resting that the house the hapier of the My maken there is and he winds house hapion Sobs - and the winds house hapion for the Maleyon's gable? mest?.

Som the defits the Macane oracle the brokes of life to nature fail so form a cloud in anyel's right.

So form a cloud in anyel's right.

She is doing - ye who know how - beauty garrings in a show - fourth high dreams where angels enter hails upon a proadwenture. I to ways, brack, soft showing in self haire. Look for her walk ay and love. How hall have the for her her how first or men. The track of the start of t

an hereternally the

pur bill year of me mann tanning of successful to the melabe The who know how that find place June 17th - show a marke and the Jace in You mean i fellowy ilde away dearing how to chay dow to your may morning head Will to thorn: wrest pucks he head - "
If then where with forez over Caden ... Soon ... The week not for that maiden ! Dan & tust ! She lies beneate -The time hough yearho to life of trake joury trauliers wealty realt to vien and the Line . More ... More weeks for Line? More. on par car may our continuenings How the is hit willing high mais And to love is int to track the growthan a with the to bow they wild . But bonday out to a more ste worthalkin . frit file. And beam: films produced tell Shir ten tens with make a face

Dust to dust!—She lies beneath
The stone which speaks to life of death
Young, beauteous, wealthy, 'neath the sun,
And loved . . But who weeps for her? NONE.

Of trial readings the first page of the manuscript shows the following:

(between 18 and 19) Hope's full watching at all sides

- (21) Life to dust . . her eyes grow dimmer
- (23) She is taken to be thrall Head and foot

The second page shows the following:

- (25) But . . but . . ye . . (for here I would Fuller learners now include)
- (33) By the ken wherewith ye are laden . . Weep not . . . weep not for that maiden!—
- (37-8) Young, fair, rich, beloved, anon Who weeps . . who weeps for her?—None.

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Then, below the confirmatory initials, is a long list of trials—thus:

How your ear may hear sweet meanings
How to love is but the smelling
How to love is the perfuming
Of a bud which stinks in blooming
How to love is but the strewing
Of sweet buds that stink in blowing
How this gold-dust underfoot
How this gold-dust is a mire
Worst to walk in . . first to tire—
How dream pillows broidered well
How to trust . . is but to fall
How to trust . . is but the
Your own loyal sword heroic
How to hope

She is dying—ye who know (To include full learners so)
That these tears will make a place
Twi[xt]

The Browning papers dispersed in 1913 included a poetic address to the Rev. George Barrett Hunter, which I did not see; it may, however, be assumed to be the draft of the beautiful poem written in a special set of Elizabeth Barrett's acknow-

ledged writings made up for her Sidmouth friend in 1844 on the issue of the two volumes of that year. The set consists of The Seraphim and other Poems (the copy mentioned ante, p. 170) and Moxon's edition of the *Poems*. They are uniformly bound in maroon calf with rather showily gilt corner ornaments of scrolls on the sides; and the backs are lettered across in the second of five panels, "Poetical / Works of / Elizabeth B / Barrett;" the other panels are filled by small gilt ornaments with a lyre in each centre; and the roman figures I, II, and III appear on a band at foot. The volumes were made uniform by trimming the 1838 book rather more than the 1844 volumes, preparatorily to the gilding of the edges. The ends are lined with a curiously unornamental plaid paper,—a criss-cross pattern of dexter and sinister bendlets graduated in thickness, printed in sage green and pale ochre on a white ground. The verso of the first fly-leaf of The Seraphim bears the autograph inscription, beautifully written, "to G B Hunter / from his affectionate and grateful / friend Elizabeth B Barrett / London-November 2. 1844." This first volume contains in all three corrections and four annotations by E. B. B. Vol. II, which is Moxon's Vol. I, has no annotation and only one correction, the printer's omission of the word in supplied in the phrase "Ye like that word in

Heaven!" But the two sides of the first fly-leaf bear the twelve quatrains now about to be printed for The Bibliophile Society. Vol. III, Moxon's Vol. II, has no autographic marks. These three books seem to me more treasurable than even the Dove-Canary Epistle with its nearly 300 lines of curiously mingled fun and learning. The feeling and psychology of the Hunter poem are peculiarly lovely and characteristic. But judge, O reader!

### TO G B H NOVEMBER 2, 1844

- I] These books that never name your name, (The perfect utterance foils them!)
  Accept, dear friend!—and do not blame
  The silence which despoils them.
- II] There is a silence which includes

  Much speaking and completest,—
  As oft, in sylvan solitudes,

  Society grows sweetest.
- III] And if my verse you comprehend,
  You will perceive, on seeking,
  How faithful friend, of faithful friend,
  Was thinking, when not speaking,—

(II, 2) Mr. Hunter evidently found this line short of perfection, for he wrote opposite it, on the end-paper, the reading—"Expression at completest."

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- IV] How, when I sang of country-walks
  Enshrining kindly speeches,
  I saw you in our Sidmouth talks
  Beneath the elms and beeches,—
- v] How, when I sang of flowers, and books, I saw you gently loosing Your spirit from their leaves; with looks Of sympathetic musing,—
- VI] How, when I sang of poets' song,
  I saw your lifted finger
  Touch smooth the silver keys along; . .
  Suggestive to the singer,—
- VII] How, when I sang of Adam's sin,
  I saw you burning, beaming,—
  With loquent lightenings, fencing in
  Earth's crime, for Heaven's redeeming—
- VIII] How, when I sang of heavenly hope,
  I saw you, kindling brighter; . .
  Point upward to the Lifter up . .
  Confront the wrong and Righter!—
  - IX] How, when I sang of earthly pain, . .

    Of sighs on weary couches, . .

    I heard your voice grow mild again

    With reconciling touches!—

- X] How, when I sang of truth and faith, . .
  And sympathy's pure mirror, . .
  And friendship, proved for life and death; . .
  I saw you near and nearer!—
- XI] Then, since the silence is so fraught
  With true remembering senses,
  I say no longer, "Blame it not," . .
  Nor rank it with offences!—
- As fervid friendship vows them, . .

  Accept the volumes, . . and ACCEPT

  The silence which endows them!—

Of original work done in Italy there is of course little left to recover; but one very noble translation remains to be given to the members of The Bibliophile Society, and to become, in the fulness of time, classical. It is—

### THE FIRST CANTO OF DANTE'S INFERNO

DONE INTO TERZA RIMA
IN ENGLISH BY

### ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Of this powerful piece of work the whole was written out at least twice; but it is doubtful whether half a dozen people were aware of its existence before the great sale of Browning Manu-

scripts in 1913. It is probably coeval with Casa Guidi Windows, or approximately so, for it may well have been the experience of working in Dante's difficult metre that led Mrs. Browning to adopt a less ambitious scheme of ternary rhyme in composing her own noble poem. In rendering Dante's work into her native tongue she was under a strict obligation to adopt the genuine terza rima with its continuously interlocked sestets; but she would have found it tedious and probably harmful to manacle herself to the same scheme when she paid to Dante's land the splendid tribute called Casa Guidi Windows, in ternary rhyme of which the sestets are not interlocked but separate and independent—the only interlocking done for them being the connexity and continuity of thought and poetic passion.

Even in the translation she has not—and wisely not—attempted to adopt the double rhymes which are natural to serious verse in the Italian tongue, but more generally associated with spritelier themes than Hell and Purgatory in the English tongue; but it will be noted with gratitude by all who care to study prosody for its own sake that our "Sea eagle of English feather" does not on this great occasion permit herself to substitute assonances for rhymes, and that there is scarcely a rhyme in this rendering that orthodox metricians would repudiate.—

# THE DIVINE COMEDY HELL

### Canto I

All in the middle of the road of life
I stood bewildered in a dusky wood—
The path being lost that once showed straight and rife.

Oh words are vain to express that solitude
Of forest trees, with bristling branches hoar!—
The terror in the memory comes renewed.

So bitter is it, death were scarcely more!—
Yet, for the good found in it, I prepare
To speak the things I suffered and forswore.

I cannot tell you how I entered there,—
For in the moment that I went astray,
I was too full of sleep and unaware:
But as I reached the mountain-foot, away
Where all that valley closed, which had
distressed

My heart with consternation and dismay,—
I looked above!—the mountain drew a vest
Of glory, on its shoulders, from the star
That guides all other wanderers for the best.
Then, straight, the fear which in my heart did mar
Its lake-like calm, that night of piteous case,
Did grow a little still . . as winds grew far!—

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And as one, 'scaped from ocean, in amaze
Sobs up against the rocks, that refuge give,—
Then turns back to the perilous deep . . . to
gaze,—

Even so my soul that still was fugitive Returned to meditate that danger past Which never yet was left by soul alive.

And when my weary flesh was soothed at last,
I climbed the desert on, . . and as I went
The lowest footstep was most firm and fast . .

And lo! at that beginning of ascent,
A panther, light of fetlock, quick of pace,
Appeared!—her skin with many a spot
besprent—

And would not pass out from before my face, But such a hindrance towards my progress, ran, That still I turned . . my footsteps to retrace.

The time was when the morning first began.

The sun rose upward with the stars that were
The earliest with him, when God's love for man
Gave motion first to holy things and fair!—
And thus, that lovely beast of purfled skin,
That hour of dawn, that season debonaire,
Did make me a fair good hope to have and win,—
Yet not such hope as kept me free from dread,
When the scene changed and let a lion in!

He came against me with a lifted head And with a rabid hunger! . . it appeared Air shivered round his mane at every tread.

And straight . . a lean she-wolf came to be feared . .

Laden, though lean, with lustings infinite!—
Full many a land her starving jaws had seared.

The dread that issued from that latter sight, So heavy made my soul, that, overborne, I lost the hope of climbing up the height.

As one who gains by commerce, . . when a turn Of fortune brings him losses to compute, . . In all his thoughts, he can but weep and mourn!—

Even so the beast perturbed me!—foot by foot She dodged me where she faced me, and did force

And drive me downward where the sun is mute.

What time I ruined down that headlong course, Mine eyes along the gloom, a shape did read, One death's perpetual silence had made hoarse.

And when I saw him in that place of need,
"Have pity on me," my wailing voice began,—
"Whoe'er thou art!—or ghost, or man indeed."

He answered, . . "No man now, but once a man!
Of Lombard race my parents did descend,—

And . . both . . for Country's name . . were Mantuan.

I had my birth 'sub Julio,' . . toward the end:
I lived at Rome, when good Augustus thrust
No false frail god from altar though he reigned.

I was a poet, and I sang the just Son of Anchises, who came out from Troy When lofty Ilium's pride was burnt adust.

But thou . . why turn again to such annoy?
Why leave to climb the most delightsome mount,
Which is the source and motive of all joy?"

"What!—art thou, then, that Virgil, and that fount,

Which poured a stream of speech so affluent bright?"

I asked while up my brow the blush did mount—
"O thou of other poets, fame and light!—
The long appliance and the vasty love
That made me search thy book, availed me right.

O master . . author . . who my soul didst move
To loftier ends!— From thee alone I took
That noble rhetoric which the worlds
approve!—

Behold this beast,—the cause that I forsook
The upward path— Give help, O famous
sage!—

My veins and pulses thrill beneath her look."

"Best choose another path of pilgrimage,"
He answered straightway when he saw me
weep,—

"If thou from hence thy steps would disengage. Because this beast, for whom I hear thee keep Such wailing, . . suffers none to pass this way But offers hindrance deep, as death is deep.

Her nature lusts to injure and betray: Her ravenous will is never satisfied;

And most she craves, when gloated [sic, probably for glutted] most with prey.

Full many a beast is wedlocked to her side,—
And more shall yet be—till the Hound arrive,
Who shall her slay, with tortures multiplied.

HE shall not feed on earth or gold, but live By love, heroic virtue, noble lore: Feltro from Feltro, shall his country rive.

He comes to save Italia, humbled sore, Whom maid Camilla, Turnus with his crown, Euryalus and Nisus perished for—

And He will chase the Wolf through every town, Until he hath barked her back again to hell, Whence Envy roused her first to face the sun.

And thee . . I weigh my power to serve thee well, . .

If thou canst follow, and I move thy guide, And lead thee on along the Immeasurable—

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Where thou shalt hear the desperate screeches cried,—

Where thou shalt see the ancient spirits in dole,—

All shricking for that second death untried! Where others thou shalt view, upon the whole Content with fire, because they hope to come At some far hour, to house of blessed Soul.

But if thyself would mount to such a home, I know a spirit-guide more pure than I, And I will leave her with thee in my room.

For that imperial King who reigns on high, Because I spurned his law, . . the later grace Of guiding toward His city, doth deny.

He reigneth there, who ruleth wide in space!—
There spread his streets!—there, shines his
throne of fear.

Oh happy soul! elect to heavenly place!—"
I answered—"Poet! I adjure thee here,
By that eternal God thou didst not know,—
To save me from this ill and one more drear!
Now lead me to the place depictured so—
And let me view St. Peter's gate and find
Those spirits in thy speech accounted low . .—"
Then he moved onward, and I trod behind.







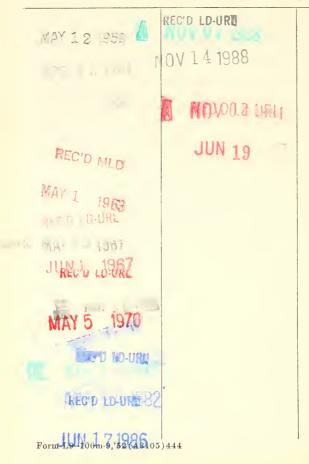






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